National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

STATE SOVEREIGNTY.

ACTION OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE LEGISLATURE.

AN ACT to secure Freedom and the rights of Citizenship to persons in this State.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled*, That neither descent, near or remote, from a person of African blood, whether such person is or may have been a slave, nor colour of skin, shall disqualify any person from becoming a citizen of this State or deprive such person of the full rights and privileges of a citizen thereof.

SEC. 2. Any slave who shall come or be brought into, or be in this State, with the consent of his master or mistress, or who shall come or be brought into, or be in this State involuntarily, shall be free.

SEC. 3. Every person who shall hold or attempt to hold in this State, *in slavery, or as a slave*, any person, of whatever colour, class or condition, in any form, or under any pretence, or for any length of time, shall be deemed guilty of felony, and on conviction thereof shall be confined to hard labour for a term of not less than one or more than five years; provided, that the provisions of this section shall not apply to any act lawfully done by any officer of the United States or other person in the execution of any legal process.

SEC. 4. Section 1st of chapter 25 of the Compiled Statutes, shall not be so construed as in any case to deprive any person of colour, or of African descent, born within the limits of the United States and having the other requisite qualifications, from voting at any election; but such person shall have and exercise the right of suffrage as fully and amply as persons of the white race.

Passed, June, 1857.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled:

1. That the great power vested in the Supreme Court of the United States, and the permanent tenure of office by which it is removed from the direct control of the people, require that its action should be the object of constant and vigilant observation—that an influence upon it can be exerted only by public expressions of censure upon any attempt of the Court to transcend the limits of its authority, and that it is especially the duty of the Legislatures of the several States to expose and denounce any such attempt.

2. Resolved, That the decision of the Court in the case of Dred Scott agt. John F. A. Sanford, as pronounced by Chief-Justice Taney, contradicts the facts of history, is repugnant to the Constitution, and subversive of the rights and liberties of the people.

3. Resolved, That we are compelled to believe, from the misstatements and perversion of historical facts in the opinion delivered by the Court, that the decision was the result of pro-slavery sympathies, and an improper desire to favour and strengthen the slaveholding interest.

4. That every person born within this State, and owing allegiance to no foreign government, is a citizen thereof, and by the Constitution of the United States entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in every other State; and the denial to him of the rights guaranteed by the Constitution is a wanton violation of that instrument.

5. Resolved, That the assertion that the Constitution regards slaves as property in a general sense, beyond the range of local municipal regulations or stipulated agreements, is an unwarrantable assumption to which no free State can with honour submit.

6. Resolved, That the doctrines maintained in those opinions, that Congress has no power to legislate concerning slavery in the Territories, and that the effect of mere possession of Territories by the United States is to establish slavery there, are contrary to the express provisions of the Constitution, are obnoxious to the laws of civilization, and odious to the people of the free States.

7. Resolved, That the expression of extra-judicial opinions from the Supreme Bench on subjects agitating the public mind, is undignified and unbefitting their position, and the use made of such position to propagate political doctrines tends directly to destroy confidence in the integrity of the Court and respect for its decisions.

8. Resolved, That in undertaking to decide these questions, which, according to its practice, were not in issue, the Court evinced a desire illegally to control the action of Congress—that such course justifies the apprehensions entertained by the framers of the Constitution that there might be danger from the too great latitude left to the discretion of the Court—that a repetition of and persistence in such action would confirm the belief that there was a design and purpose on the part of the Court to usurp the functions of the legislative department, and justify the State in resisting, by all constitutional means, the enforcement of laws dictated by the Court.

ACTION OF THE CONNECTICUT LEGISLATURE.

The following is the Report of the Committee on Federal Relations, submitted to the General Assembly on Saturday.

The Committee on Federal Relations to whom was referred so much of the Message of His Excellency the Governor as relates to national affairs together with certain resolutions, beg leave to report:

That they have had the same under consideration and believe it to be the right of the Legislatures of the several States, and their duty from time to time, to make known, by resolution or otherwise, the views of their respective States on the various subjects of national concern in which they have a common interest.

Your Committee are firmly of opinion that the framers of our Government intended to establish a Republic which should secure to all equal political rights, and the greatest amount of liberty consistent with the public safety; a Republic in which tyranny and oppression should find no favour or encouragement, which should be a living proof of the capacity of man for self-government, and while it made liberty to become everywhere honoured, and its blessings to be everywhere desired, should firmly secure and perpetuate the same among us for all future time.

Your Committee believe that the wise purposes of our fathers have been in a great degree checked and hindered by the extending power of the institution of human slavery; an institution which "robs man of his dignity, earth of its fertility, and labour of its reward"; which originated in fraud and force, and is unknown to the law of nations or the common law, and although we have no control over it, as it exists in the several States, and have no responsibility for its existence in such States; yet when it is sought to be made a national institution, by guaranteeing its extension and entrance into the Territories, and by throwing around it the protection of the General Government; it becomes Connecticut to protest against it and to resist it to the last.

Your Committee believe that in the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Dred Scott, nothing was decided authoritatively beyond the simple question of jurisdiction, that is, that Dred Scott could not sue in the Federal Courts; and that all that was attempted to be decided beyond that, was extra judicial and of no binding force. Your Committee are astonished that the majority of that Court could have volunteered to put forth opinions which are at war with those great principles of right, which God has written upon the heart, which the voice of conscience proclaims and which the *law* always intends to reflect. By so doing they have justly incurred the suspicion that they were actuated by unworthy motives, and sought to establish, by the weight of judicial sanction, political dogmas for the purpose of favouring the slaveholding interest. Your Committee agree in opinion with the dissenting judges of said Court who boldly proclaim that such extra-judicial opinions are *not law* and will not be received or regarded as law by them. Entertaining such views your Committee would present the following resolutions and the accompanying bill for a public act, all of which is respectfully submitted.

ELISHA CARPENTER,
Chairman on part of the Senate.
HIRAM WILLEY,
Chairman on part of the House.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That as the fathers of American Liberty held, so do "we hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, *liberty*, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed"; that as the fathers of the Republic designed to favour no particular class of men, but to establish a government giving equal political rights to all, and the greatest amount of liberty consistent with public safety; we maintain, that the great purpose of our national Government should be, to secure and protect these rights, and make perpetual the blessings of *liberty*.

Resolved, That slavery, being contrary to the principles of natural right, founded upon injustice and fraud, at war with the principles upon which our government is founded, injurious to the growth and prosperity of the country; and a reproach to the people professing to love liberty, ought never to receive the national sanction: that while we recognise it as a local institution, maintained by force of the law of the State where it exists and over which we have no control and for which we have no responsibility, it is our right and our duty to resist to the last every attempt to extend it into the Territories of the Republic.

Resolved, That a majority of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States in the recent case of Dred Scott, in declaring that a free negro of the African race, whose ancestors were brought to this country and sold as slaves, is not a citizen within the meaning of the Constitution of the United States, and is not entitled to sue in a Court of the United States, and that no State can make him such a citizen; that Congress has no power to prohibit slavery in the Territories; that every slave-owner may carry his slaves into the Territories and hold him therein as slaves; that the Federal Government recognises slaves as property, and pledges itself to protect it in the Territories, and that the Missouri Compromise act was void, when such declarations of opinions were not necessary for the decision of the case before said Court; have departed from the usages which have heretofore governed our Courts; have volunteered opinions which are not law; have given occasion for the belief that they promulgated such opinions for partisan purposes, and thereby have lowered the dignity of said Court and diminished the respect heretofore awarded to its decisions.

Resolved, That the resolutions of the General Assembly of this State, passed in 1849, declaring "that Congress has full constitutional power to prohibit slavery in the Territories of the United States by legislative enactment; that the people of Connecticut, while abiding by the compromises of the Constitution, and averring their attachment to the Federal Union, are unalterably opposed to the extension of slavery into free territory, and the further extension of its influence into the councils of the Federal Government; that in resisting the extension of slavery, we do not make a sectional issue, nor oppose the interests of the people of the South," express *now*, as then, the sentiments of the people of Connecticut.

Resolved, That the people of Connecticut deeply sympathize with their brethren in the Territory of Kansas, in their struggles against the aggressions of slavery, and earnestly desire that they may continue to resist by all lawful means until they shall make Kansas a free State.

Resolved, That our Senators in Congress are hereby instructed, and our Representatives in Congress are hereby earnestly requested, to vote always and in every stage of the question, against the admission of another slaveholding State into the Federal Union.

Resolved, That His Excellency, the Governor, be requested to transmit a copy of these resolves to the President of the United States, to the Governors of each of the States and Territories, and to each of our Senators and Representatives in Congress.

AN ACT RELATING TO CITIZENSHIP IN THIS STATE.

Whereas every State is sovereign and independent, and has the right to determine by its own laws the qualifications and political rights of its inhabitants, except so far as those rights are limited by the Constitution of the United States; and whereas, in this respect, the only power granted by the Constitution to the United States is to establish a uniform rule of naturalization; and the only restrictions upon the rights of the States are those relating to persons charged with crime, and persons held to service or labour in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, and all powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution are reserved to the States respectively; and whereas doubts have recently been caused to arise in regard to the condition of some of the inhabitants of this State and their rights of citizenship under the Constitution and laws of this State and of the United States;

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Assembly convened:

SEC. 1. All persons mentioned in this section, and not excepted, are and shall be deemed to be citizens of this State, owing allegiance to, and entitled to the protection of, this State, until they shall have voluntarily withdrawn from the limits of this State and become incorporated into some other State or sovereignty as members thereof, to wit: First, every person born within the limits of this State; second, persons born without the limits of this State, children of parents who are citizens of this State, who are temporarily absent therefrom; third, all other persons being in or coming into and locating within this State, with intent to remain and reside permanently as citizens, EXCEPT aliens, paupers, fugitives from justice and fugitives from service, and all persons within the jurisdiction of this State, shall, in all cases, be entitled to the protection of its Constitution and laws.

SEC. 2. Any person having been held to service as a slave in any other State or country, and not having *escaped* from any other State of the United States in which he was held to service or labour, under the laws thereof, coming into this State or now being therein, shall forthwith be and become free.

Approved, June 25, 1857.

ACTION OF THE MAINE LEGISLATURE.

Whereas the Supreme Court of the United States, in the recent case of Dred Scott, over which it expressly declared it had no jurisdiction, has undertaken to pronounce an extra-judicial opinion, prohibiting the people of the United States from any control of the question of slavery within the Territories of the United States, either through Congress or the local Government instituted under the authority of Congress, or otherwise; and

Whereas such extra-judicial opinion subordinates the political power and interests of the American people to the cupidity and ambition of a few thousand slaveholders, who are thereby enabled to carry the odious institution of slavery wherever the national power extends, and predooms all territory which the United States may hereafter acquire, by purchase or otherwise, to a law of slavery as irrepealable as the organic Constitution of the country; and

Whereas such extra-judicial opinion of a geographical majority of the Supreme Court is conclusive proof of the determination of the slaveholding States to subvert all the principles upon which the American Union was formed, and degrade it into an engine for the extension and perpetuation of the barbarous and detestable system of chattel slavery; therefore,

Resolved, That the extra-judicial opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of Dred Scott, is not binding, in law or conscience, upon the Government or citizens of the United States, and that it is of an import so alarming and dangerous as to demand the instant and emphatic reprobation of the country.

Resolved, That the Supreme Court of the United States should, by peaceful and constitutional measures, be so reconstituted as to relieve it from the domination of a sectional faction, and make it a tribunal whose decisions shall be in harmony with the Constitution of the United States and the spirit of our institutions, and at whose hands all classes of persons in the United States, without regard to race or locality, shall receive even and exact justice.

Resolved, That until this extra-judicial opinion of the Supreme Court, establishing slavery in all the Territories of the United States, and placing it beyond the reach of Congress or the people, is reversed and set aside, and until the advance of our national flag ceases to be the advance of slavery, it will be the paramount duty of the supporters of justice and liberty to resist any further acquisition of territory which may be attempted, under whatever disguise, with the purpose of enlarging the area of an institution which is the scandal of this country and age.

Resolved, That the independent right of each State to determine who shall be admitted to political franchise and citizenship within its own limits is clear and indisputable, and is to be exercised without question by any State; and that persons admitted to the rights of citizenship by any State are, by the plain letter of the Constitution of the United States, "entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States."

Resolved, That, whatever may be the course of political events elsewhere, the people of Maine are determined to abide by, and make effective within the limits of their own sovereign jurisdiction, the principles of the Declaration of American Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and the Constitution of this State, which, ordained "to establish justice" and "secure the blessings of liberty," declares that "all men are born equally free and independent, and have certain natural, inherent and inalienable rights, among which are those of enjoying, possessing and protecting property, and of pursuing and obtaining safety and happiness."

Resolved, That Maine will not allow slavery within its borders, in any form or under any pretence, for any time, however short, let the consequences be what they may.

Resolved, That his Excellency, the Governor, be requested to forward a copy of these Resolutions to the Governors of the several States and Territories of the Union, to be laid before the legislative authorities thereof, and to each of our Senators and Representatives in Congress, to be laid before the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States.

THE FRUITS OF EMANCIPATION IN THE BRITISH WEST INDIES.

From The Tribune.

THERE is perhaps nothing in which the old fogy journals of all classes, especially our American sham Democratic journals, have taken greater delight than in the idea, out of which they have striven to squeeze by constant repetition the utmost satisfaction it could be made to afford, that the British West Indies have been ruined, and especially that the sugar cultivation of those colonies has been destroyed, by the emancipation of the slaves.

It is said of the visit to England of that good clergyman, Commissary Blair of Virginia, to solicit some assistance from the Crown toward the foundation of the College of William and Mary, that to his representation that the people of Virginia had souls to be saved, he got from Attorney-General Seymour only the gruff and curt reply, "Damn your souls; make tobacco." This race of Attorney-Generals and philanthropists is not yet by any means extinct. It seems to have been the opinion of a large class of persons that the West Indies and their inhabitants exist only for the purpose of producing sugar; and all the sympathy ever expressed by a large proportion of American journals toward the great experiment of free labour, of civilization and of education going on there, might be included in the corresponding curse and injunction, "Damn your souls; make sugar!"

But this taunt, so often and so triumphantly repeated, and with such deep satisfaction to those who employ it, is, like other human felicities, likely to prove short-lived. In fact, it has become already no longer available—at least among those who keep themselves informed as to the progress of events. Struggling through the inconveniences always attending every great change, and having been obliged to encounter not one great change, but another also on the top of that; not merely the trials of emancipation, but the still severer trials of free trade; obliged not merely to pay wages to their labourers and to be content with that amount of labour which the labourers chose to dispose of, but obliged also to surrender that protection which, from the first introduction of the sugar cultivation, they had always enjoyed, and to compete in the market with slave-grown sugars, the British West India Colonies have, nevertheless, gradually come back to an amount of production nearly approaching that of any former period. Barbadoes and Antigua, the oldest and most thickly settled of the British islands, make more sugar by free labour than they ever did in the most flourishing period of slave cultivation, while in every other respect the condition of the inhabitants is vastly improved. British Guiana—which a certain pro-slavery journal of this city that makes vast pretensions to general intelligence will persist in speaking of as an *island*—has come back to the old mark, and, as is stated in a private letter we have seen, the sugar-planters are making fortunes. The same is the case in Trinidad, where the production has been carried far beyond the limit of the slave time, and whence large quantities—quite a new feature in the trade of the West Indies—are now shipped to the United States. We quote on this subject from *The Port of Spain Gazette:*

> "The amount of produce shipped to America will, we should think, afford matter for serious speculation to our British merchants. There are now more than 1,800 tuns of American shipping loading in the Gulf, and equal to 227 hhds. of sugar, and 242 puncheons of molasses have left for that market since our last summary was written. In return, the stocks of American goods on hand are very large; bread-stuffs, lumber, &c., are in abundance and cheap. But the arrivals are looked upon with very different eyes now, when we know that each vessel is likely to take our sugar away in return, to what it was when nothing went but hard cash."

But while the other Colonies are thus recovering themselves, the haters of liberty and maligners of free labour have continued to draw vast satisfaction from the condition of Jamaica, which, coöperating with one or two local journals of that island in the old slave interest, they have—in print—ruined over and over again, and reduced to the last stage of poverty, misery, abandonment and desolation. Very active and conspicuous among all ill birds thus busy in fouling their own nest, and in helping, by spreading panic, to bring about their own prediction that Jamaica must and soon would cease to be a sugar-growing Colony, has been *The Colonial Standard and Jamacia Dispatch.* That journal, printed at Kingston, has been, ever since the Emancipation question was first mooted, most consistently pro-slavery and most profusedly lachrymose—a Colonial Jeremiah, as it were, lamenting over, not the captivity, but the freedom of its country—a West Indian Niobe, pouring out a perpetual flood of tears, not over lost children, but over lost slaves. But even *The Colonial Standard*, after writing so long in darkness and sadness, begins at last to see light and happiness, as witness the following from that paper of June 4:

> "It used, in some quarters, a few years ago, to be said of *The Colonial Standard*, that it wrote up the ruin of the country, to the injury of those who were compelled either to cultivate its soil, or to live by the substantial credit of the Commonwealth; and there were many who considered that we did positive wrong to the community by publishing the truth. We believed then, as we believe still, that it was only by making the actual state of the Colony known to the Government and the people, that there was the remotest chance of awakening the attention of the British public to the grievances under which Jamaica then suffered. We hope, however, none will have been induced to consider us as merely the oracles of evil. We should have been too happy, during the last twelve years, to have been the unvarying reporters of protracted and undeniable prosperity, if the condition of the Colony could have justified us in adopting that line of public policy; and, therefore, it is with heartfelt satisfaction that, during the last eighteen months, we have been enabled to announce the gradual progress of affairs toward improvement, and it is still more gratifying to feel that this improvement, progressive as it has been, is likely to be of at least considerable duration, if it be not of actual permanence."

From another recent number of that paper we copy the following:

> "The Port of Kingston presents an animated appearance. It is said that there are more vessels in the harbour now than there have been at any one period for the last ten years. On one particular day last week we learn that no less than upward of 8,000 barrels of flour arrived."

This flour, be it noted, comes from the United States; the labouring population of Jamaica, in spite of their alleged return to barbarism, now consuming large quantities of flour in place of the corn meal—the only imported article of food except a little salt fish to which, during the slave time, they were ever treated.

We also give, elsewhere, copied from the same paper, an account of an "Industry School," which would go to show that while sugar-making is attended to, the fact that the Jamaica people have souls, however disregarded by the large landed proprietors, is not wholly overlooked in humbler quarters. We give, also, another still more interesting article from another Jamaica paper, *The Kingston Morning Journal*, a letter, containing an account of the replanting with cane of one of one of the abandoned plantations over which the advocates of slave labour have hurrahed and shouted so lustily. Great Valley Estate, the property in question, used formerly to be considered the second estate in value in the parish of Hanover. It comprises a freehold of four thousand acres, well situated and easy of access. It had made formerly five or six hundred hogsheads of sugar, and since emancipation upward of two hundred. But, like all other estates of whose abandonment we have heard, it had the misfortune to belong to a non-resident proprietor, and to be managed by an attorney who made himself famous for running out and throwing up all the estates with which he was connected. Though there was a large population near by, including the former slaves of the estate, he quarrelled with them and then pretended that he could get no labour. Each succeeding crop became less, until some five or six years since the cattle were turned in the few remaining cane-fields, the coppers scattered, the mill sold, the engine sent way, and the works left to fall in ruins. Of the ruinous condition of this once fine estate, the letter to which we refer contains a graphic account.

A few week since, the estate passed into the hands of a resident proprietor, who has determined again to reëstablish it. In the letter which we print elsewhere will be found an interesting account of the planting of the first cane, to which the neighbouring black population joyously and gratuitously contributed both labour and plants from their own sugar patches. The evidence of the growth of the idea of common interest between proprietor and labourer is a most fortunate sign for Jamacia, since it has been the hostility and suspicion with which—almost entirely through the fault and folly of old-time attorneys and overseers—those two classes have regarded each other, which has contributed more than anything else to diminish the sugar produce of the island. It is only necessary that the other abandoned estates should pass into hands of intelligent resident proprietors, and that they should be reëstablished with all the modern improvements in manufacture, to carry the production of sugar in Jamaica to a higher point than it has ever yet attained. These abandoned estates are already attracting attention. We find in *The Colonial Standard* of the 8th of June the following paragraph:

> "We have learned with much pleasure that among the passengers for this island, by the present steamer, is a gentleman named Evans, who visits Jamaica with the intention of investing such an amount of capital as he may find room for employing in the cultivation of sugar. We have reason to believe that the improved prospect of Colonial agriculture is likely to tempt to this island a considerable amount of that money support which has for a long time been sought for in vain; and our only hope is that the influence likely to be brought into immediate connection with the Colony may be sufficient to induce the Government to consider whether some active measure may not be immediately taken for increasing the supply of available labour."

The Falmouth Post, another Jamaica journal, speaks as follows:

> "Capitalists in England are not the only parties to whom we look for the restoration of the country to prosperity. We have capitalists among us who are determined to aid in the good work, and it is satisfactory to learn that the speculations into which they have already entered, have turned out well. Liberal offers are made for all the properties that are advertised to be sold by public auction or otherwise, and there is every probability that our annual export will be doubled as soon as the capabilities of the soil are fully developed. With the introduction of capital, the immigration of the right kind will follow as a matter of course, and an increased population will lead to the revival of commerce."

Without looking, however, to immigrants from abroad, of which, except the recent ship-load of released slaves captured off the coast of Cuba, Jamaica has received none for several years, there is a considerable amount of resident labour available for sugar planting. Although a large part of the former slaves of Jamaica have become landed proprietors and are now engaged in raising provisions on their own lands—a result to which the precipitate abandonment of sugar estates has not a little tended—still these cultivators are ready to dispose, for wages, of a certain portion of their labour. *The Morning Journal*, while expressing the opinion that there are portions of the island in which no amount of wages would tempt the labourers to give up their own lands and to reduce themselves to the condition of mere hired labourers, yet asserts that the peasantry generally are willing to labour for wages to the extent of one task a day for four days in the week. To obtain this labour, however, overseers must adopt a different policy from that which *The Cornwall Chronicle* (printed in that part of the island in which the abandonment policy has been most general) describes as having reduced a fine estate of two or three hundred acres to a miserable pittance of forty.

> "Rarely does he [i. e. the overseer] speak to the people without [illegible] he [illegible] mourns for the old slave system, and wishes he had the unlimited power of the lash, and thus to the people themselves—brutes and villains, rascals and scoundrels are his usual epithets. What is the consequence? He laments he cannot get work done, complains the people have no interest in his welfare and that they rather would, than otherwise, see stock trespassing in his cane-fields and will not lift a hand or move a foot to drive out the trespassers. The peasantry are by no means bad peasantry, and this feeling would never have existed had the labourers been treated with even ordinary kindness. There is no scarcity of labour in this and neighbouring parishes of this Island; a kind word goes a great way; rigid honesty in dealing with the people, and punctual payments will ensure to an estate an abundant supply. Let but any one make the the experiment, and we will guarantee success."

No wonder that the stupid folly and ignorance of the English non-resident proprietors in entrusting their interests in such hands, should have resulted in a panic, of the immediate operation of which *The Falmouth Post* gives the following account:

> "During the period that proprietors and mortgagees manifested a desire to part with their broad acres, if one of the best estates in the island were thrown into the market, the largest amount that could be obtained for it was £3,500 to £4,000, and many properties in favourable localities were sold for much less. The suicidal system of dismantling and ultimate abandonment was generally pursued; and in every district of the island, as the Rev. Dr. King forcibly remarked, 'neglected fields, crumbling houses, fragmentary fences, noiseless machinery, were common sights, and soon become familiar to observation.' In a few instances, large freeholds were sold for prices absolutely insignificant; in others, *offers to lease were rejected*, and the work of destruction carried on to a fearful extent; on the south side, the traveller might ride a score of miles without seeing the least sign of cane cultivation; and in the County of Cornwall, even in those localities where labour is abundant, and the peasantry willing to accept low wages, estates were thrown up, and various causes assigned for doing so. One party declared that there was no possibility of continuing the manufacture of the staple products of the Colony without protective duties—another contended that there could not be successful competition with foreign rivals while encouragement was held out to a certain extent by the British Government, to the prosecution of the slave trade—a third complained that continuous labour could not be procured from the peasantry without the payment of high wages, which none could afford—and on all sides, there was a general demand for the importation of immigrants at the cost of the public. The leasing of properties, and an improved, economical system of management were recommended, but the recommendation was unheeded; nothing would answer but aid from the Imperial Parliament, and this was refused."

All such panics, however, always have the beneficial effect of taking property out of the hands of persons unfit to manage it; and according to the same journal, the recent rise in the price of sugar "has led to vast speculations, *and the rising up of a resident proprietary body*. Estates are no longer considered valueless; throughout the island ready purchasers are to be found; and there is every prospect of returning prosperity." Jamaica, in fact, is passing through the same process which is resulting in the regeneration of Ireland. The lands are passing into the hands of proprietors with the knowledge and means and common sense necessary to bring them into successful cultivation.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL IN JAMAICA.

From The Colonial Standard and Jamaica Despatch of June 1.

WHILE the press has, without distinction of politics, been unanimous in urging, and urging in vain, upon those with whom the means of social amelioration altogether rest, the necessity of providing a place of refuge and instruction for the numerous orphan and destitute children who are now permitted to wander along our streets, and to become inured in vice, indolence and crime, it is a remarkable fact that private enterprise has for many years been privately and unostentatiously, but steadily and successfully, doing that in a small way which the public authorities have so long neglected to entertain at all.

At the lower end of Orange street, a few doors above Harbour street, there hangs a small and unpretending sign-board which notifies to passers-by that a Mrs. Johannah Hill there keeps an "Industry School." How this little establishment, and its active and thrifty founder, have for so long a period escaped public attention we cannot conceive, since an inquiry discloses the fact, that Mrs. Hill has conducted her "Industry School" ever since the date of her widowhood, some twenty-five years ago, during which period she boasts of having turned out some two hundred young people of both sexes, rescued by her from vagrancy and want, reared in a great measure under her own roof, and skilled in the mysteries of straw-hat making.

When we visited Mrs. Hill's establishment on Friday, the attendance of children was not so large as usual, several having been detained by the weather; but there were about a dozen busily employed in the manufacture of straw hats, ranging from seven and eight, to probably twelve or thirteen years of age. Several of these were pointed out as having been picked up from the streets, fatherless and destitute, and on the high road to moral ruin. One little orphan had been an inmate from an early age of three months, Mrs. Hill haven taken it, provided a nurse for it, and reared it wholly at her own charge. The usual number in daily attendance was said to be about eighteen, but Mrs. Hill stated that she would willingly receive thirty if she could obtain them. It was very difficult, however, to wean the street wanderer from his life of unrestrained license, and it was only occasionally that a stray sheep could be brought in. All the children were clean and comfortably clad, and appeared cheerful and healthy. They are fed and clothed entirely by Mrs. Hill until they are of an age to manage for themselves, and then they are paid for their labour. Two boys were pointed out, the eldest of whom did not appear to be above thirteen years of age, who were receiving, the one five and the other four shillings a week, while several older hands who have been brought up at the school receive much higher weekly wages. A young man manages the business who was taken by Mrs. Hill at a very early age, and has been with her now upward of eighteen years.

Such are the practical details of the "Industry School" kept by Mrs. Johannah Hill, and such its uses in a public point of view. An average daily number of eighteen children, principally orphan and destitute, are snatched from want and from the temptations to vice, fed and clothed, and reared in industry. We come now to consider its economy.

Mrs. Johannah Hill is a poor widow, blessed with as little of this world's goods as a person in her station in life might be supposed to be. Yet for a quarter of a century has she followed this course of active beneficence, aided only by a courageous heart, and a thrifty, well-ordered mind. She makes her school self-supporting. By teaching to young and otherwise abandoned children the value of time and labour, she enables them not only to support themselves, but to afford her a respectable maintenance in return for her care. Our readers will be surprised to learn the economical results of Mrs. Hill's establishment. The average daily product of her school amounts to five dozen straw hats, or thirty dozen per week. For these she has a constant demand, not in this island, but from abroad, principally from Navy Bay, for export to California. By the George Law, she informs us that she supplied an order for sixty-five dozen, and had she a larger number of children under her care, she believes that she could very greatly extend this humble but remunerative industry.

Here, then, is a striking example, taken from a very unpretending sphere of life, of what may be done by a little well-directed energy toward the social improvement of that class to whose moral destitution so much attention has for a long time been uselessly directed. Here is a poor female, not possessed, perhaps, at the time she commenced her school, of twenty pounds in the world, who has already removed upward of two hundred young people from the road to crime, and who is still working indefatigably in the same noble cause of usefulness, simply by making industry self-supporting. She lives by the labour of her industrious family, but she extends to these in return a mother's care and a protector's benevolence. Most liberally, too, she shares with them the fruits of their toil. Their little fingers ply their straws all the more nimbly because they know and feel that they possess a certain and liberal interest in the produce of their manipulations. Where else can a little boy thirteen years of age—but the other day a vagrant, earning for neither God nor man—earn his five shillings a week beside being tended and cared for and comforted by a motherly hand such as that extended to him by Mrs. Hill? Would to God, there were a few more such "Industry Schools" in Kingston; or that the higher and lower tribunals of the city had power by law to consign some of the many vagrant and abandoned children that infest our streets to the discipline and care of Mrs. Hill.

HANOVER—RESTORATION OF A THROWN-UP ESTATE.

Correspondence of The Morning (Kingston, Ja.) Journal.

ON Monday last the roads leading to Great Valley Estate, in the Parish of Hanover, presented a lively and animated appearance; men and women, old and young, strong and weak, were all hastening to some common point of attraction; flags were flying, and though composed only of gaudy handkerchiefs, still they added much liveliness to the scene; the people singing and dancing, and everything gave token that it was a day much honoured by the peasantry. It was no religious meeting—it was no wedding or merry-making that had gathered these crowds together, and in no festive garments were they clad. Instruments of labour were on their shoulders, and hoe and pickaxe were the burden of their hands. Every house in the village sent forth its inmates, and from every track and by-path appeared individuals to increase the crowd. All appeared happy—every one seemed in haste, and the whole swept on in one direction until the entrance gate to Great Valley works concealed them from view.

"Hallo! old Massa—what's the meaning of all this?—where are all these people going?" "[illegible]" (said the old octogenarian, slowly taking off his cap and discovering a head white with the frost of eighty winters), "bless de day—me neber expect fe see him Great Valley da rise—him goin for tablish cane, make sugar agin—good for we all—ebery body fe help." "But, old man, you can't work—you can't do anything." "Da true, me Massa—me no hab trong—me mo able fe dig cane hole—but me must do someting—me fech water fe dem da dig—me heart trong, do me han weak." And the feeble old man passed on. "Where are you taking that cart-load of cane-tops to, my man?" "To Great Valley, sir." "Great Valley buying cane-tops?" "No, sir, but they are going to establish Great Valley as sugar estate again, and I am carrying them all the cane-tops that I have to plant." "Is that your wife—that young woman with the great bundle of cane-tops on her head? Is she giving them to Great Valley, too? Why, the load is big enough for a mule?" "I am not his wife, sir," was the cunning reply—"only a neighbour; these are all the cane-tops I have, and I am going to the works to plant them. It's a great day for us all—Great Valley going to make sugar and rum—everybody must help and do all they can; but, good by, sir, I must make haste—they'll be wanting tops to plant."

And so the crowd passed on—here a man leading a donkey with a load of tops—there a woman bending under an enormous load of the same; here a child bringing one or two in his feeble hands—there a group of strong young men and women carrying hoes—there tottering, feeble old age, wearying itself under the weight of a small calabash of water, painfully and slowly creeping along—all going the same way, all joyful and happy.

The sound of shouts and merriment ever and anon came floating on the breeze, showing that the working parties had already commenced, and that they were animated by the same spirit which governed the people on the road. More than one hundred and fifty persons had already assembled, and stragglers were still coming along. "Where are you going with all these children, girls and boys, some seventy or eighty, I suppose, and where do you come from, my friend?" "I am the master of Pondside School, sir, close by, and the children begged of me a holiday, to go and help the people to dig cane-holes and plant canes at Great Valley." "That bundle of cane-tops you are carrying, I suppose is your contribution?" "It is not much, sir, but it is all I have, and I am taking it for the purpose of setting an example. I have been telling the people they must do all they can to help and bring up the estate, and I must help too. Practice you know, sir, is better than precept." "Very good, but do the people listen to you?" "Readily enough, sir. They see the advantage they will derive from Great Valley being brought again into cultivation, and are willing to exert themselves. They have volunteered of their own accord to dig and plant off the first piece of canes gratuitously, and the assemblage of to-day is the consequence of that resolution." "Then, all this labour, and these cane-tops, are freely given." "Every bit of it, sir; and you would be surprised to see the enthusiasm which prevails. Everybody wants to help; even the school children you see are bringing their bits of cane to plant." "Has Great Valley long been thrown up? And what was the reason?" "It fell into the hands of an attorney, who was famous for abandoning estates; he threw up every estate he had charge of. The moment he took charge of this, things went wrong; each year lessened the crop, till at last, he turned cattle into the few remaining acres; and that ended the matter. The people, too, were badly advised; they were told not to work—rather to let the canes rot, unless they got 1*s.* 6*d.* per day. They seem ready enough, however, to work to-day." "Pray, how does it happen the estate is now to be cultivated?" "Oh, a new proprietor has just purchased it." "He must be very popular then; the people seem so willing." "Well, sir, we don't know much about him; he has been here once or twice; he has a kindly way with him, and treats the people encouragingly. When he heard how destitute the district was of medicine, he ordered a supply to be sent to the estate; and, besides, he promised the people he would recognise all the receipts of the old attorney which the people had on account of the purchase of land. A great many have bought land; some have paid in full—but have no titles. Some have paid only in part, and so on; and this promises a great thing for a poor man who has spent so much money to buy land, and has no security for it. A kind word, sir, goes a great way with our people." "Then you think there will be no difficulty in getting labour?" "No, sir, not a bit. If the people are treated honestly, fairly and kindly—are spoken to as if they were human beings, and not cursed, abused and called brutes and villains—as is too often the case with some overseers—I am sure there is no fear. You may believe me, sir, when you hear in this parish, an overseer complaining of want of labour, it is in nine cases out of ten his own fault. But I must go on to see after my scholars. You can hear by the noise they have already joined the digging party—there, just behind the Great House, where those flags are flying." And sure enough, the ringing sound of children's shouts and laughter came joyously along.

Great Valley is a noble estate, containing a freehold of 4,000 acres, pleasantly situated between hills, with a barquadier easy of access, and a fine road. It was considered of old the second estate in the parish of Hanover. During slavery it made 5 to 600 hhd., and since that time has made its 200 odd. There is a large population but a small distance from the works, and the cane field lies very convenient. The view of the present state of the works is, however, pitiable in the extreme. A noble tank in front is now nearly filled up; amid the weeds covering more than two-thirds of the surface, a flock of wild ducks were disporting themselves; in the middle of the yard there were mingled together carts, trucks, wagons, &c., apparently having been left uncovered to rot and decay; on the left were the walls of the tradesmen's shops, the roofs having tumbled in—fine substantial buildings they were; the works themselves appeared like some venerable old ruin—windows broken, doors open, works' chimney half tumbled down, and the broken lightning rod swinging lazily to and fro, coppers removed, engines broken, mill gone, trash house tumbled down, railroad rotting in pieces—all, all betokening the utter desolateness of ruin and decay.

Yet this is the estate to be brought again into cultivation. These ruined walls are to be rebuilt, and those places now filled only with solitude, and where the musty smell of mold and decay seethes rank and unwholesome, will shortly be thronged by busy, active forms, and the pleasant perfume of sugar boiling will replace that mold and rust.

It is a cheering hope—a pleasant prospect—the resuscitation of an old thrown-up estate—and seems an omen of better times and more prosperous days for our Island of Jamaica.

FURTHER TESTIMONY.

AT a recent meeting in London, to take measures to present an appropriate testimonial to Dr. Livingston, the African traveller, Mr. Montgomery Martin made this statement:

> "He had recently visited the West Indies to ascertain if the emancipation of the slaves had produced ruin there. He found there a free, happy and prosperous population, and, speaking commercially, the West Indies now yielded more rum, sugar, and other produce than they had ever done during the existence of slavery (hear, hear). Since the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, not a drop of blood was shed by popular disturbance, nor a single crime by mobs was committed, nor was there destruction of property throughout the whole of the West Indies."

A letter received a few days ago, in New York, dated Spanish Town, Jamaica, May 16th, 1857, says:

> "Let it suffice that with the high price of sugar, the good season with which we have so long been favoured, and other favourable circumstances, our prospects are brighter than they have been for many years. Many of the planters are extending their cultivation to the utmost, and rapidly recovering from their late embarrassments; while numbers of labourers have purchased deserted estates, and are engaged in the cultivation of sugar, and are thus raising themselves into that middle class which slavery annihilates, and without which no country can prosper. In every respect there is a decided palpable progress. The change from slavery to freedom in this country is as from darkness to light. The labourers are, for the most part, orderly, industrious and happy. Schools and places of religious worship are being extended over the land, and are generally well-attended. In fine, everything augurs a steady advancement and general prosperity."

SLAVERY IN THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

From Rev. John Dixon Long's Pictures of Slavery.

THE BALTIMORE CONFERENCE.

THE Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church claims the same relation to her sister Conferences that Virginia does to her sister States. Virginians boast that she is the Old Dominion. Members of the Baltimore Conference are loud in their praises of the Old Baltimore Conference. Both have produced some great men, whose memory I love to honour. The Baltimore Conference has been fitly denominated the Breakwater Conference, with special reference to the slavery question. And, sure enough, it has done more to roll back the genuine New Testament anti-slavery feeling among the laity, than any Conference in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

My first appointment as a travelling preacher was at Lewes, Delaware. Here is the great national work, the "Breakwater," extending along the bay in front of the town. Ofttimes in the morning have I looked out upon the waters of the Delaware Bay and the Atlantic, when the sky was clear, when the billows were at rest, and when not a vessel was to be seen behind these huge piles of stones. But as night would approach, and dark clouds would loom up from the east, you would see ships from the bay and the ocean taking shelter behind the stony walls of defence. In vain did the waves dash high before the angry storm. The vessels at anchor bade defiance to the tempest. When the Church has sought to reach the laity that hold slaves for gain, the Baltimore delegation has stood up in the General Conference, and said: "You may do what you please with our travelling preachers, who, in an undisguised manner, hold slaves; but don't you touch our pious slaveholders of Prince George, Carroll, Calvart, St. Mary's, Charles, and Anne Arundel Counties, in Maryland, and of several Counties in Virginia. If you do, we will leave you." The Baltimore Conference professes to be anti-slavery, and yet opposes abolitionism. What does she mean by these terms? From her practice it seems to be this. If you condemn the holding of slaves by the travelling preachers, that is anti-slavery; and if you oppose the same thing in private members, and wish them expelled, that is abolition. Hence private members are just as secure in slave-breeding as if they were under the jurisdiction of the Virginia Conference of the M. E. Church South.

In proof of this position, I will quote some resolutions passed at the late session of the Baltimore Conference, held in Baltimore, and taken from the Baltimore *Sun* of Tuesday, March 17, 1857. These resolutions would do credit to any convention of Southern politicians.

> "Resolved, by the Baltimore Conference, in conference assembled, that we highly *deprecate* the agitation of the *slavery* question, which has already resulted in the great detriment of the political and religious interests of the country.
>
> "Resolved, That, as *heretofore, we will oppose with zeal* any *aggression* which shall be attempted by the *abolition agitations* of the country."

Rev. Henry Slicer defined his position as a conservative, thorough State Rights man, and wished the resolutions of the Conference of 1846 reaffirmed. Rev. John A. Collins supported the resolutions. Fourteen voted against them out of a Conference of nearly 400 ministers. I wish I had their names, so that the Church might see that fourteen men were not *overawed* in a *slaveholding* city. I have a few reflections to make on the resolutions, and on the course pursued by Rev. John A. Collins and Rev. Henry Slicer. The first resolution deprecates the agitation of slavery. Observe carefully. The Conference does not deprecate *slavery*, but it deprecates *resistance* to the *aggressions* of slavery. The Conference does not deprecate the fact that 4,000,000 of our brethren are in hopeless, and worse than Egyptian bondage; that they are increasing at the fearful rate of 100,000 a year; that the day on which they passed the resolution 250 human beings came into the world with the slaveholder's *brand of infamy* upon them. The Conference did not deprecate the introduction of slavery into Kansas, the late inhuman and anti-Christian decision of the majority of the Supreme Court in the case of Dred Scott, the existence of the slave-pens in the very city in which they were assembled. Perhaps at the very time they were debating the above resolutions, several of their brethren in Christ were being handcuffed and marched down to some ship bound for Charleston or New Orleans; husbands were parted from wives to whom they were united by some of the very preachers who were pledging themselves zealously to oppose all denunciation of the infamous traffic in human flesh; children were separated from their mothers, though offered to the Lord in holy consecration, and baptized, perhaps, by these very ministers, in the name of the Holy Trinity. Yes! that very hour, perhaps, violated females of the Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and Episcopal Churches were crying to God for mercy and support, while their *shepherds* were *pledging themselves* to human wolves and bears that they would not interfere to rescue them, and would not suffer others to do it. O, ye degenerate sons of the immortal Wesley! how shall ye escape the condemnation of outraged Christianity and civilization? The future historian of the Methodist Episcopal Church will blush with shame when he comes to the proceedings of this annual session of your Conference.

It is my humble opinion that Mr. Collins and Mr. Slicer have done, and are doing, more to tighten the chains of the oppressed in Maryland and Virginia, than William A. Smith of the Virginia Conference. They have done more to crush out the anti-slavery feeling among the young preachers of the Old Baltimore Conference than any other two men. It is true that they helped to suspend Harding for holding slaves; but when you come to touch the Methodist laity for holding slaves, that is quite another matter. To this they are as inflexibly adverse as William A. Smith. They are opposed to discussion, to free speech on the subject. They know full well that slavery can only be kept at bay by exposing its enormities. Drunkenness and profanity are kept in check by opposition and denunciation. The very worst class of pro-slavery men are those who dislike *free pulpits* and a *free press*. The slave-breeders and slave-traders would not ask more of the preachers of the Baltimore Conference than to keep silent themselves, and oppose, as best they can, the Methodist preachers of the North and West, who can neither be intimidated nor coaxed into silence while Christ is dishonoured in the house of his friends. The very stones are ready to cry out against the sum of "all villanies." I trust that the General Conference of 1860 whill preach the *funeral sermon* of slaveholding in the M. E. Church, so that her garments may thenceforth be without spot or taint. Rev. Mr. Torrence, a member of the Conference, a Bible agent in Pennsylvania, and a resident of Philadelphia, offered the following resolution: "*Resolved*, That as the position of the Baltimore Methodist Episcopal Conference is well known, the introduction of such *a question as slavery* into its consideration was highly *inexpedient, either pro or con.*" This gentleman considers the *question of slavery* as of so little importance, so much beneath the dignity of the Rev. Divines of the Baltimore Conference, that it should not enter into their deliberations! Two things always sicken me—a pro-slavery Bible agent, and a pro-slavery chaplain of the United States Senate.

No man is fit to be a Bible agent who is a propagandist of slavery, or, what is the same thing, one who deprecates the agitation of the slavery question.

The Baltimore Conference may say to me that if she took, at the present time, the ground that I advocate—that it is a sin for the laity, including class-leaders and local-preachers, to breed and hold slaves—the earthly prospects of scores of the preachers would be blasted; that many of their sons and daughters, who may own slaves, would be subjected to insult; that her preachers, when they failed in health, could get no offices in Washington under pro-slavery Administrations. All this may be true. It is sufficient to answer that we ought to be faithful to Christ, being assured that, "if we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him." But I have no hope that the Baltimore Conference will be guided by this lofty motive. She is more pro-slavery to-day than she was in 1844 or 1848. She stands on the same foundation now that she stood on ten years ago, despite the developments of late years as to the irrepressible tendencies of the system; despite the rapid progress of slavery in that period. Witness, for example, the passing of the inhuman Fugitive Slave law; the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; the Kansas outrages; and the late decision of the Supreme Court. The Baltimore Conference, is incorrigibly *pro-slavery*. The majority report of the Committee on Slavery, appointed by the late General Conference, has strengthened her pro-slavery position. *That report was an unfortunate one.* It conceded too much anti-slavery to the Border Conferences. If the President of that Committee, Dr. Raymond, will visit the Philadelphia Conference, I can take him where he can find mercenary slaveholders and advocates for slavery;

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY

and I have no doubt that of such the Baltimore Conference has two to one, compared with the Philadelphia Conference. For the last thirty years the Baltimore Conference has exerted more power in the General Conference than any one of her sister Conferences. But her glory is departed from her. She will be willing to remain in the M. E. Church, so long as the Discipline shields, as at present it does, her slaveholding laity. But if the General Conference makes non-slaveholding a test of membership, then, I believe, she will secede. The present position of the M. E. Church is a serious one. If she does not alter the discipline, so as to exclude mercenary slaveholders, she will lose thousands of souls in the North, and gain nothing in the South. The M. E. Church South charges the laity of our Church with mercenary slaveholding; and, as an honest man, I must say the charge is true to the very letter.

CAPTAIN DRAYTON.

CAPT. DRAYTON, who recently committed suicide in New Bedford, Massachusetts, was for several years the inmate of a dungeon in the District of Columbia. Most of our readers are aware of the offence for which he suffered this incarceration. A large number of men and women, held in captivity in the capital of this American Republic, sought the aid of Capt. Drayton, and he received them on board the vessel which he commanded; but, soon after leaving Washington, the fugitives were overtaken, and, ere many days had elapsed, the benefactor of these wretches was sentenced to an imprisonment of twenty years' duration, by the judicial authorities of the United States. He remained in prison about four years. What he suffered within the walls of his cell—to what insolence, ill-treatment and deprivation he was subjected—what of food and clothing he lacked, is not known, and in all probability, never will be known. It is certain that he was in the hands of men hardly disposed to treat him indulgently. He was pardoned by President Fillmore, principally through the importunate exertions of Mr. Charles Sumner. He came forth from his prison broken and dispirited and ruined, with health and heart and hope gone. He has since made many attempts to resume his old relation to the world; but his feebleness of body was finally succeeded by insanity, and alone, with no friend near him, he died by his own hand.

The good citizens of New Bedford, the moment the identity of the unfortunate man was established, united in paying to his mortal remains all proper respect. The town-hall was opened for the funeral services, which were attended by the Board of Aldermen and the Common Council in a body. A large number of the inhabitants were also present, many of them, without doubt, peculiarly appreciating the nature and extent of the service which he sought in vain to render to his fellow creatures.

It may be asked if we approve the work which poor Drayton felt it to be his duty to undertake? We answer that, while we do not approve, we cannot find it in our hearts to condemn. We shall not undertake, in our troubled times, to decide these ever-multiplying cases of conscience. The unhappy man, who was so buffeted in this world, is now before a Tribunal which will not harshly judge even his errors, and which will liberally recognise the most erratic and undisciplined of his virtues. Let us leave him there with these words of a Great Teacher in our remembrance: "Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—*Tribune.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1857.

THE TWO INDEPENDENCE DAYS.

THE great Feast of the Nation was held this day week. The whole land was given up to revelry and rejoicing. The boom of cannon and the clash of bells welcomed it in and sped it on its departure to join the days before the Flood. It was a universal holiday, and the streets of every city and every village were thronged with pleasure seekers, released for the hour from the stern task-work of common days, by which they earned their life. In manifold places the people assembled themselves together and hearkened to words of praise and thanksgiving, from priest and from politician—praise and thanksgiving ostensibly, perhaps, attributed to God, but really bestowed on themselves. Glory was given to the fathers, but it was by reflection turned back upon the sons. It was the great Festival the American Nation has instituted to Itself, when the liturgy of flattery is exhausted and the censer of adulation swung till it reels, intoxicated with the fumes. And there is not wanting an external and apparent reason for this self-inflation and self-idolatry. On every hand, in the free States at least, are to be seen the signs of abundance and material prosperity. Forests of masts in the harbours, warehouses bursting with merchandise on the wharves, palaces fit for merchant princes in the streets, the hum of industry rising from the fields of the farmer and the busy workshops of the village, the very streams compelled to labour in the service of wealth, while roads of iron and wings of steam enable man to put space and time under his feet, is it strange that, in view of all these things, our hearts should be glad within us and exult in the sight of this great Babylon of prosperity which we have builded?

Eighty-one years ago there was an Independence Day, of which the last was a descendant and a successor, if not a representative. Then poverty and bankruptcy filled the land. The industries which had grown up in spite of checks and interferences were prostrate in the presence of civil war. The commerce which had only been permitted to skim along the neighbouring coasts, with clipped wings, or at best to stretch its flight only to the shores of the Mother Country, that commerce lay paralyzed and semi-animate along rotting wharves and beneath tumbling warehouses. Manufactures had not yet exchanged the fostering corner of the farm-house kitchen and the shelter of the rustic workshop for the massive temples reared in their service by the magic of associated wealth, which have long since silenced the music of the spinning wheel and the busy monotony of the shuttle. The currency was in a condition of depreciation and uncertainty that sounds almost fabulous in our ears. Markets there were next to none to encourage the toils of the farmer. Debts could not be recovered, or, if pressed for, were paid in worthless rags. Despondency and despair one would think must have settled down over the whole scene. And yet, at that very time, men were leaving the little that was left them to risk their lives in battle and in the fiercer struggle with the hardships of the camp and the march. And, more than this, they were gathering up what remnants were left from the general and particular ruin to help carry on the war which was waging, against such desperate odds, to make that Independence an historical reality. Men, at least, were reared beneath that stormy and wintry sky. There were aims and ends, of a public nature and of generous tendencies, which were looked at not merely from the stand-point of the pocket and not judged of only in the philosophy of the counter and the till.

In those days men accepted the doctrines laid down in the Declaration of Independence as truths which were worth living and dying for. They had not learned that the natural equality of men before God was a mere flourish of rhetoric which had no substantive meaning and was uttered only to deceive and betray. They really believed that when the long conflict was over, and the right of the American People to govern themselves acknowledged by all the world, the will of the majority would actually be the rule of the body politic, and that the days of aristocracies as well as of monarchies would have set in darkness, never to dawn again upon this continent. They did not foresee the time when, for the price of their own prosperity, extorted from reluctant Nature by their own labour and skill, they were to sell themselves into a bondage compared to which their political subjection to England was but a feather, and to an Oligarchy as much worse than the Parliament of Westminster as hell is lower than heaven. By trickery on the one hand, and by weakness and shortsightedness on the other, the Constitution of Government growing out of the Declaration was so contrived and so permitted that a pitiful handful of men, qualified only by practical blasphemy of the Declaration of Independence, should govern the whole nation and make the whole continent the theatre of their gigantic, but still growing, wickedness. It is true that the germ of these abuses and abominations was so small and so carefully wrapt up in fair-seeming shows and well-sounding words that men did not foresee whereunto it would grow and how it would overshadow all the land and deaden the hearts of those on whom its shade should fall. And as a reason for submitting to this tyranny we are pointed to the fruits of our own toil and ingenuity. As if these things were because of, instead of in spite of, these unnatural conditions. Truly, Satan is now wiser than in the days of Job,

"And tempts by making rich, not making poor."

What would the founders of the Republic—what would Jefferson himself, slaveholder though he were—have said to hear the definition of *Democracy* as laid down by a leading Democratic press—"the right of men to choose whether they would have *Slavery* or not!" We need not go to the South for the frantic extravagances of pro-slavery fanaticism. Enough can be found almost any day in the columns of such prints as the *Boston Post* and *Courier*, and the *Journal of Commerce* and *Day Book* of this city, not to mention the *Observer* and kindred South-side religious organs, to show how sadly changed are the sons in the temper of their minds from that which possessed the fathers. The professed policy of the dominant party, which has possession of the Government and rules us with a rod of iron, is to permit slavery to go whither it will within the wide world now embraced in our boundaries, and to conquer new worlds for it, even before it has time to weep for them. Hospitality is made a crime. The help which barbarous nations make it a religion to extend to the stranger and the wanderer, we are forbidden to bestow on the neediest of all, under pain of crushing penalties. The whole power and policy of the Government is put forth and exerted to strengthen the hands of the dominant oligarchs and to establish their sway yet more firmly. And all that the political opposition to this tyranny, embodied in any considerable party, proposes to do is to keep their territorial limits where they now are, without disturbing the peace that reigns within those borders. And for this we are obliged to be thankful! Slavery kept within the limits from which it has always swept down and conquered us, and we are to be satisfied! And even more, if the inhabitants of the territory sought to be kept free, choose to join themselves to the army of the aliens that have possession of the land, we are to submit in quietness, and allow the reënforcement without a murmur.

But, still, we are happy to say, the spirit of the Independence Day of 1776 is not left wholly without witness. If driven from great cities and forbidden to be heard in capitols and in civic assemblies, it is never wholly silent. Thank God, the element of protestation has never been suffered to die out—at least, since the dangers of the country have been clearly discerned. In the groves and upon the hill-sides, and by the calm waters, were gathered together men and women on that day who are capable of discerning the hollow Death that rules over us, under all his disguise of royal robe and imperial sceptre, and who are not to be deceived by the smooth words of his paid flatterers. Such see the true state of the country and proclaim it. They see that whatever of material prosperity we have is in despite and not by reason of the lying Constitution and the false Union which have retarded only, not helped, the growth of the Free States, while they have done a yet worse mischief to the Slave States by enabling them to maintain their fatal Slavery. They see how this tyranny has entered into the Capitol of the nation and the Legislatures of the States, how it has perverted the Church and corrupted the Press, how it steals into the school-house and poisons the mind of youth, how it has established a virtual censorship of the press and a system of espionage all over the land, how it has deadened, if not wholly killed out, the old spirit of liberty and of resistance to tyrants. But in the face of all these discouragements, they keep up a good heart of hope. They believe in the final triumph of truth and the necessary downfall of the falsehoods of cruelty and despotism. They know that the external world of politics and government is but the expression of the hearts and minds within men's breasts. They see signs of good omen, even in the least favouring regions of the heaven, and they have an inhering and abiding belief that a change is going on in the kingdom within men which will one day be manifested in the world without.

Such accept the mission and the work which they find ready to their hands. Its difficulties and hardships differ from those of the elder Revolution, but they are not less real or less formidable. Still, as they know that a handful of men, as it were, were sufficient, when the fullness of time had come, to sever the thirteen Colonies from the tyrannic mother country, so they have faith that, in due season, the sixteen Free States will be compelled, by as inevitable necessities, and perhaps through as insignificant instrumentalities, to declare their independence of the coarse, savage, barbarous tyrants who now hold their destiny, as well as that of their slaves and their States, in their uncontrolled and blood-stained hands. That will be an Independence day, in the light of which the earlier one will pale its glory. For it will make inevitable the emancipation of the slaves, while it vindicates and reëstablishes the long-lost rights of the nominally Free.

ANTI-SLAVERY CELEBRATION OF INDEPENDENCE DAY.

OUR acknowledgments are due to *The Liberator* for sending us, in advance of its regular issue, the proof-slips of its report of the Anti-Slavery Celebration of Independence Day at Framingham. We regret that, at the late hour at which the report is received, we have not at command the space needful for its publication in full.

The report affords unmistakable evidence that the meeting was one of absorbing interest. The wet and chilly weather of the first three days of July, and the rain which fell through much of the day and night of the 3d, seemed to forbid the expectation that any considerable number of persons would be present. But, in spite of the discouragement which this circumstance was so well calculated to awaken, and notwithstanding the forbidding aspect of the skies during the earlier part of the day, a very large concourse of people assembled in the beautiful grove and spent some six hours in the various exercises appointed for the occasion, thus redeeming the hours of the Nation's birth-day from the utter perversion and desecration which it everywhere suffers at the hands of a degenerate and time-serving people.

FRANCIS JACKSON called the meeting to order and made the following pertinent address, which received an animated response from the audience.

FRIENDS: Eighty-one years ago, the self-evident truth was proclaimed in this country, that "all men are created equal," and with "an inalienable right to liberty."

Those who made that declaration were in earnest; they backed it up with ball and cartridge, and dissolved their union with the mother country. A few years after, they came down to blank cartridges, rockets and windy professions, and by their acts endorsed that self-evident lie, chattel slavery.

Boston, that money-cursed city, will doubtless burn more gunpowder, and waste more rum to-day, than all the rest of Massachusetts. After repeating and puffing that self-evident declaration seventy-five years, Boston, at the bidding of the Slave Power, seized Thomas Sims, a very handsome young man, twenty-two years old, and sent him to life-long slavery. Her Mayor Bigelow, Marshal Tukey, with all the police of the city, including Asa O. Butman, who arrested Sims, and for that act was rewarded with an office, not at Worcester, but in the Boston Custom-House. The Militia of Boston, now known as the "Sims Brigade," volunteered their services, and were under arms on that occasion. They marched down State street and Long wharf, and thrust him on board John H. Pearson's brig Acorn, besides which there was a reserve guard of 1,500 of the first merchants of Boston (so said the City Marshal), who volunteered their assistance, in in case of need, to help enslave Sims.

A few days afterwards, the Fourth of July came round again, and was ushered in with gunpowder explosions. Boston honoured the day (in its way), and forgot that poor Sims (who had been whipped with paddles) was then lying in Savannah jail—over again, Boston declared all men were born free. Friends, let us no longer be deceived by professions, when bare-faced acts are so outrageously glaring.

Who now, in this eighty-first year accepts the declaration of '76? The Southern States all scout it, and the other States are in union with them.

The Democratic party have repudiated Democracy, and are openly allied to the Slave Power for the sake of the offices.

The remnant of the Whig party, mainly merchants and capitalists, adhere to the Slave Power from choice, without even the hope of office.

The Republican party are in a transition state; they have some good anti-slavery men in their ranks—Free Soilers, those who have left the Whig party, and those who have run away from the Democratic party—Know-Nothings and Know Somethings, all in one omnibus together. They have agreed upon their driver, who is running for luck upon a sliding scale. A striped party, surely; but all agreed upon supporting slavery in the States, and saving the Union.

Verily, there appears to be nobody left to-day but come-outers to stand up in good faith to support the self-evident truths of '76.

Not a State, nor a political party, nor a religious sect in the Union that accepts that declaration; and yet nearly all of them are celebrating its anniversary, or pretending to support it. Truly, we are a nation of hypocrites.

Friends, remember that the declaration of '76 went for disunion as a remedy for oppression; it drew the line for sundering the Union of that day, and maintained it.

Let us go for disunoin, notwithstanding Senator Wilson's threat that we shall die traitors' deaths. Let us do what we can to dissolve a Union that holds nearly four million of chattel slaves, and help organize a free government on the only true basis of *equal rights*, without regard to sex or colour.

The meeting was then organized as follows:

President—WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Vice-Presidents—Francis Jackson, Boston; Edmund Quincy, Dedham; Adin Ballou, Milford; Chas. L. Remond, Salem; W. G. Babcock, South Natick; Rodney Moore, Slatersville, R. I.; Charles F. Hovey, Framingham.

Secretaries—Dr. Henry O. Stone, Framingham; Joseph A. Howland, Worcester.

Finance Committee—Ebenezer D. Draper, Milford; Daniel S. Whitney, Southborough; Charles Brigham, Feltonville; Sylvester C. Fay, Southborough; John H. Crane, Worcester.

The meeting was addressed, successively, by WM. LLOYD GARRISON, C. L. REMOND, REV. W. G. BABCOCK (of South Natick), MISS FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS, STEPHEN S. FOSTER, ADIN BALLOU, WENDELL PHILLIPS, ANDREW T. FOSS, and G. W. STACEY. For some of these speeches we must find room next week. The remarks of Mr. Foss are thus reported:

REV. ANDREW T. FOSS made a statement with reference to the slanderous charges recently made against him by Mr. Bowles, principal editor of the Boston *Traveller*; and also to the *Traveller's* retraction of those charges. Mr. Foss said he had taken no little pains to discover the origin of the slander that he had used the words "I hate Jesus Christ," and he had been unable to find or to learn that it had appeared in any other paper than the *Traveller*; and he had come fully to the conclusion that it was a fabrication of the *Traveller's*. Mr. F. then spoke of the dishonest way in which the *Traveller* had retracted the charge, leaving it to be supposed by the general reader that an accidental error only had been committed, for which the editor was sincerely sorry. Mr. Foss said it ought to be known that it was from no love of justice or sense of honour and duty that the *Traveller* had retracted its base charge; but wholly and solely under the pressure of an anticipated prosecution for defamation. Mr. Foss said that he knew of no journal in the country, North or South, more virulently hostile in spirit to the cause of freedom, or more proscriptive towards its friends, than the Boston *Traveller*. The multitude present seemed to be of Mr. Foss's way of thinking.

The *Traveller's* retraction we copy in this connection, as follows:

"REV. A. T. FOSS.—As an act of justice to this gentleman, we publish his speech as phonographically taken down by Mr. Wm. Henry Burr, and published as delivered in the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD of May 23d, without any revision or examination by Mr. Foss. Our statement that he used then, or at any time, the language, 'I hate Jesus Christ,' is, we are glad to find, wholly unfounded; and we are happy to be assured, on authority which cannot be questioned, that Mr. Foss is incapable of using the language attributed to him."

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

A SERMON,

Delivered in the Unitarian Church, Jersey City, New Jersey, July 5, 1857.

BY OCTAVIUS B. FROTHINGHAM.

> "They answered him, 'We be Abraham's seed, and were never in bondage to any man; how sayest thou, Ye shall be made free?' Jesus answered them, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin.'"—*John viii.: 33, 34.*

WHEN the young man finds himself released from the restraints of his father's house, he commonly shows his appreciation of his newly-acquired freedom by a wildness and recklessness of conduct which is always unpleasant and sometimes dangerous. His liberty becomes licentiousness. No longer under authority, he gives way to the urgent impulses of his appetites, and, acknowledging no allegiance to moral principles, makes display of his glorious independence by insulting those who are wiser than himself, laughing at those who are better, teazing those who are weaker, spending his change at taverns and bar-rooms, and running into debt without a thought of the way of getting out of it. Free to exercise his natural right to the pursuit of happiness, he adopts his own method of pursuit, and is not careful upon whose field he sows his wild oats. Vastly generous with money that is not his own, extremely liberal in his notions of morality, amazingly free in his manners and modes of dealing with all people, with a jovial step and gay disregard of the traditions of the Elders, he asserts his indefeasible claims, leaving others to assert theirs without his aid. Kind friends smile half disapprovingly, excusing his follies on the ground that he is young and will get experience soon enough, by and by. But thoughtful men look on doubtfully and shake their heads, and remember how many a fair youth has come to a shameful manhood or to no manhood at all, through courses like these, and cannot apologize for the misconduct that springs from giddiness and leads to guilt.

Yesterday was the day when, after the manner of boys, we are wont to express our delight in the enjoyment of freedom, and to declare our deep sense of its inestimable blessings. We make manifest unto all men what our idea of freedom is by the lawlessness of our demonstrations, by unbounded tippling and fighting, by blaze of fireworks and discharge of powder, by poetical luxuriance of rhetoric, recalling a history that is almost forgotten, glorifying principles that we do not fully comprehend, exalting traditions whose twilight is just fading from our hearts, and celebrating men whose immortal greatness hardly lives now in our remembrance, and lives not at all in our soul's honour. A strange way ours of commemorating that solemn event of our national independence. A strange interpretation we seem to put upon it. This, then, is liberty, the freedom to make a noise, and shout huzza, and burn saltpetre, and eat and drink, and go rollicking about at will, and hear ourselves exalted in grand orations! Well, the day is over. The trumpets are silent; the banners are furled; the flowers are faded; the fireworks are black sticks now; the grass is relieved from the trampling of vulgar feet; the clamour of shouting and the rattle of orations have ceased. The Summer air is sweet again.

Let us give a few moments now to some serious thoughts suggested by the time.

We call ourselves the most independent people in Christendom. So we are in theory; but are we so, *really* so, in *practice*? Independence is a word of large and solemn meaning. We may understand by it the liberty to choose our own rulers and to make our own laws. That liberty we possess certainly for ourselves. We may understand by it the equal position of all citizens before the law; and in this sense we may truly call ourselves free. If, again, by liberty, we mean the liberty of doing what we like, we come nearer still, perhaps, to the accepted definition as it lies indistinctly in the minds of our common people.

Liberty in America seems to mean, popularly, the liberty of the white race to do what it pleases. Leaving out of view the grand theory of the government, the general principles which sustain our organic laws, and which *are* the sublimest yet enunciated by a nation, and taking the people's own definition of their independence, does it not substantially amount to this: the right of the white race to do what it pleases? A right, this, which it is not dull to appreciate, nor slow to use. We are certainly jealous enough of any encroachment upon our private privileges, jealous of any attempt on the part of legislation to interfere with our lucrative pursuits, and of all endeavours on the part of the Executive to put in force the statutes which might limit our propensities. The liberty to collect arms and men and money for the purpose of invading and devastating a neighbouring territory, for plundering or for political ends, seems to be unquestioned by those who call themselves peculiarly Americans; the liberty of banding together to make conquest of an island belonging to a foreign power appears by this time to be tacitly conceded in very high quarters; at all events, it is practically assumed and has been conspicuously honoured. The keeper of the gin-shop, the brothel and gambling-saloon are very tenacious of their right to carry on their peaceful traffic unmolested, and raise the cry of despotism when good men would restrain the freedom they claim of brutalizing, debauching and robbing their fellow-citizens, and of coining the wretchedness of men and women into iniquitous gold, and, instead of the liberty of doing what they wickedly like, would give them the better liberty of doing what they *do not like*. Liberty to evade duty, and violate equitable law, and take advantage of the poor—liberty to indulge the passions that crave pleasure and greed—we are somewhat distinguished for this. And if this is what we understand by liberty, then we are the freest nation under the sun.

But, judging liberty by another standard, this verdict must be reversed. In another sense, and in a far truer and deeper sense, it may be said that no nation under the sun is less really *free* than we are; and that the freedom upon which we pride ourselves most is a confession of this fact—a confession that, while we are delivered out of the hands of arbitrary authority, whether vested in governors or in laws, we are delivered into the hands of our lower propensities and are made the servants of passions which it is the sacred right of true manhood to control. Freedom, as I have often had occasion to say to you—freedom for a community as for a man—is always *moral* at last, and consists, whether in nations or in individuals, in emancipation from the rule of passion and the bondage of selfishness, in deliverance from the laws of the appetites and the sway of sensual lusts. It is freedom from base loves and unholy prejudices, from private aims that make us forget the nobler objects of existence, and from personal ambitions that will not let us pursue the way of truth. Freedom is liberty, not to do what we *please*, but to do what we *ought*. If this be so, it is not in the power of institutions and laws to make men free. Their minds, hearts, souls must be free, or they are in bondage, and their bondage is as great here as it can be in the most despotic country on earth. Liberal institutions do but allow men to speak and act according to what they *are*. If they are freemen, in the grand Christian sense, the republican government, by making them free in the civil sense, gives larger scope to their manly power and nobleness, that it may be demonstrative and efficient among their fellows. But if they are slaves of animal inclinations, slaves to the lust for pleasure or power, slaves to vanity, sloth, avariciousness, slaves to the cramping prejudices of a narrow mind, to bitter hatreds and to servile fears, then it is plain that liberal institutions and laws will not rescue them, and may have the effect to tighten their bonds, by leaving them at the mercy of the appetites that rivet them. It may be true that though one can be essentially a freeman under a despotic government, he can hardly become totally and demonstrably a freeman there; he may be a freeman in spirit, but not in hand, tongue or conduct. But it is also true that while men, under a republic, may be externally free, free to speak and do pretty much as they please, they may still be essentially bound, not at liberty to *please*, to do anything just, or generous, or good. They are not always the most independent who *seem* to be the most so. Many a great capitalist in America is less free than was Socrates in his doomed cell at Athens. If you look behind the mere mechanism of their acting, you will see the dirty ropes and the rusty pulleys by which some menial passion shifts the scenes upon their life stage.

So, if we can forget for a time the theories, professions and speeches of Americans, and reflect soberly upon their principles, we shall discover that what we call our independence is rather a sham than a reality; we shall discover that instead of being the most independent nation on the earth, we are one of the most dependent; nay, one of the most servile.

1. Is any people so completely ruled by the Love of Power as we are? Is any people so much under the dominion of that most arrogant and absolute of all masters, *Pride*, as we are? Pride of strength, pride of position, pride of race—it is a harder master than any governor we could have set over us. It characterizes our private and our public life. Our children are educated in it, taught to give word for word, and blow for blow, and to look upon the Gospel rule, that the strong shall minister to the weak, as impracticable and base. We seem to despise and to hate, and to have an instinctive desire to crush, all who are weaker than we are. Any sign of inferiority, instead of exciting our compassion and moving us to help, appears only to awaken a coarse rage, which hastes to trample it down. As a nation, we are never loath to pick quarrels with feebler powers, nor to mate ourselves with stronger ones that boast themselves mightier than we. Acts of successful violence we hasten to applaud. We irritate the miserable Indians to the last extremity; and when they turn in self-defence, we massacre them, and call it war. We hover over the Mexicans like birds of prey, watching an opportunity to appropriate their rich domain. The poor Irish and Germans fly hither from foreign poverty and oppression, asking only the right to live and labour, as men; and while one great party plays upon their ignorance and inexperience, plies their passions and uses them as tools, another does its best to disfranchise them and drive them away. How very significant is the fact that at this moment we are the only people who despise the African and claim the right of lordship over him on account of his race. Grand old England, who, in her battles of centuries, has outgrown the fear that she shall not be appreciated at her full value, and has earned her title to the dignity of manhood, never stops to ask if she is doing a singular thing when she acknowledges the manhood of the African. She needs not to stoop in order to exhibit her preeminence. She can afford to overlook distinctions. France, civilized and intellectual, has emancipated herself entirely from that antipathy to other races that marks the period of adolescence, and admits the negro, without a misgiving, to the advantages of her higher education. The very consciousness of greatness makes her magnanimous. Even in Turkey the African is not despised on account of his skin, nor oppressed on account of his weakness.

> The slave walks free in Tunis and by Stamboul's golden horn.

Go where you will over the Continent of Europe—go where the prejudices and institutions of ages limit all human action save that of the princes—go where feudal distinctions still remain in force and divide men into ranks which may never be overstepped—go where the laws admit no equality of human rights, and where rulers consult only their own despotic wills—and you shall not find people enslaved to this ancient, but most inhuman, feeling of contempt. But we still *cherish* scorn for the African; we *cherish* it; it seems to be our pride and joy to display thus our sense of superiority. Not only do we keep him in bondage by law, him and his children forever, disguising by various sophistry our real argument that might is right, but where he is a freeman we despise him no less. We take a deep and passionate delight in excluding him from our churches, in appointing him a separate seat in the theatre, in fastening a label upon the car in which we graciously permit him to ride, in condemning him to menial employments and to a servile condition, in proving by false science that he is akin to the orang, and by false scripture that he is the child of a cursed race. We evidently take satisfaction in the thought that herein we are placing ourselves in an attitude of deliberate hostility towards the convictions of the whole civilized world. Such an idea charms our sense of greatness and feasts our conceit of independence. And we never seem to suspect how terrible a demonstration it furnishes of the extent to which we are in bondage to arrogance and vanity. Is, then, the contempt of inferiors a mark of independence? So thought the descendants of Abraham when, under the constraint of a narrow mind, they despised the children of the alien, and expressed their wonder when Christ offered to make them free by his truth. "How sayest thou *we* shall be made free?" "Every man that commits sin is the slave of sin," was the stern and searching reply.

2. Is any people so completely ruled by the love of gain as we are? I do not foolishly forget the necessity there is for money, the need there is that we should make money. I raise no vulgar cry of materialism, because we are engaged in the task of subduing nature on a broad and virgin continent—a work that is, of course, material. But can we not make money and possess money without being controlled by the love of it? There is no bondage more abject than that of him who cannot exercise his sentiments of justice and humanity because he is bound by his regard for property. Yet, dare we think how extensively men are held in those golden bonds? Half a century ago, an eminent divine said that the love of money threatened to reduce us almost to an unlettered barbarism. Is there not a barbarism more to be dreaded than that of ignorance, which it is menacing now, and has been menacing long? What earnest man can conceal from himself the ominous fact that the rage for riches is rapidly undermining the popular virtue, vulgarizing the public sentiment, distorting the public conscience, making men forgetful of their duties to one another, and deliberately, perversely regardless of the claims of broad humanity. Is it not an undisguised fact that the wealth of the community secretly, but effectually, connives at the gravest evils that afflict our social state? The conscience of the community would rise against the woes of Intemperance, but it is crippled by this disabling respect for the rights of property. And so all our pity, all our love, struggles in vain against the restrictions which mammon has laid upon our hearts. Still more heavily does this restraint press upon the conscience when it would grapple with the wrong of Slavery; knowing perfectly well what is right, not honestly deceived a moment by any intellectual or moral illusions, see how we actually are prevented from speaking sincerely and acting manfully in relation to a matter that touches the very heart of our Religion, and the very life of our Government, because by so doing we expose ourselves to the chance of becoming poorer, or of disturbing those delicate arrangements of property upon which our hopes are built! The spirit of worldly success, the spirit of the stock exchange, the spirit that presides over commerce and manufactures, pronounces its veto upon the heart's nobler laws—says, "I forbid the agitation of this question, I forbid the exercise of equity, I forbid the observance of the Golden Rule, I forbid the spread of enlightenment, and the development of thought, and the cultivation of Christian principles, in regard to this thing"; and we have no choice but to submit. I believe it to be a simple fact of history that when, at one period, the public conscience was awakening to a knowledge of the real character of this institution, and was suggesting plans for its removal, giving great encouragement to all the friends of humanity, the invention of a cotton-jenny arrested the movement, offered conscience a heavy bribe, and submitted the nation's will immediately to the spell of the enchanter, who holds it now blindfolded and bound. And now the spinning-jennies are multiplied by the thousand, and there seems no way of delivering the soul from the fine web that has been spun round it, save in the thorough emancipation of each individual man from this sordid bondage of wealth. Until that is done, it is useless to call ourselves free; our words mean nothing. Our institutions may be grand, our laws generous and just, but *we* are bondsmen to "the least erected spirit that fell from heaven," and cannot, by any possibility, put our institutions and laws to their noble, legitimate use. In 1774, when England determined to punish Boston by closing her port, thus "filling her houses with desolation, and her streets with growing grass," Gen. Warren, the same who died at Bunker Hill, said, firmly, "Better destroy our seaports than our liberties." And in 1776, when Congress had authorised Gen. Washington to destroy Boston, by cannonade, if he thought it necessary, John Hancock, the wealthiest merchant in the town, the owner of large and valuable estates there, said at once to the commander, "Do it, and may God crown your attempt with success." These men were independent in the noblest sense of the word. From sordid affections their better manhood set them free. They were not obliged morally to humble their dignity to their regard for property, but were masters of their possessions. Had they been less grandly free, I fear we should lack to-day some of the privileges we so poorly appreciate. Such a temper gave birth to the national freedom: only such a temper can honourably keep and capably use it.

3. Again, the independence of which we boast, as a people, is fatally compromised, nay, it is virtually denied by the general surrender of enlightened sentiment and conviction to the tyranny of a low public opinion. We are, indeed, at the mercy of public opinion. Now, public opinion may be an excellent thing. Public opinion, when it is intelligent, exerts a mighty influence in lifting the masses of coarse men above the level of selfish interests, into the freedom of generous and elevating ideas. It is a sort of popular education, of popular Christianity, perpetually initiating men into their personal prerogatives of moral self-respect and control. But when public opinion represents merely brute power, material interest, or partisan prejudice, it is a master more to be dreaded than king or emperor; for its power is vast, inviolable and apparently irresponsible. It cannot be shot by an assassin; it cannot be dethroned by an insurrection; it cannot be supplanted by the ballot-box. It acquires an added authority from the circumstance that we seem to make it, and therefore to consent to it. Unless we can convert it morally, it enslaves us hopelessly. And the public opinion among ourselves is, I fear, of this low, material kind—not intelligent, not Christian. Is it said that the despotism of public opinion with us is more mild than the despotisms that are established in Europe, in that it is variable, that it is not embodied in an institution? The distinction is plausible, but honestly is it a just one? Is it not the case that with us the despotism of public opinion, where it rules most conspicuously, is embodied in an institution, an institution that is as old as the country, an institution that has been waxing stronger every year, and is more firmly seated now than ever? You know instinctively the institution to which I allude; and if you reflect a moment, you will confess that I do not over-estimate its power. To me it is plain that the intellect, the moral sense, the religious sentiment of this people bow down before it, as no subject people in Europe bow down to their hereditary monarch. Freedom of action it has restricted to the narrowest bounds; freedom of speech it has gone far towards suppressing; it has, not impotently either, attempted to lay its hand upon freedom of thought. I have no disposition to exaggerate. The simplest truth is strong enough. And it is the simplest truth that over one-half of this broad country, within certain geographical lines, there is absolutely no liberty of speech upon questions that concern the well-being, if not the very existence, of the Government; it is the demonstrable and glaring truth that, in half these States, no man can write an anti-slavery book, pamphlet, magazine or newspaper article without imminent risk of losing his property and his home; that only to offer such publications for sale in a bookstore exposes a man to public odium, if not to personal injury and expulsion from the city; that only to be found in travelling with such publications in one's trunk renders the stranger an object of suspicion and a mark for insult. The censorship of the public press is as vigorous there as it is to-day in Paris; and the mails are as little secure against search and robbery as are the mails of the Austrian Empire. We call ourselves one united people, under allegiance to the same organic law, and bound together by the closest bonds of common sentiment and common interest, a company of sister States; yet, when the people of the Union, a year ago, were called to debate the question who should be their next President, it is notorious that the claims of one of the leading candidates could not be pressed in that whole section of the country. One entire party was refused a hearing; no speaker was allowed to lift up his voice in argument; no documents were permitted to circulate; no notice of a meeting could be advertised. A vigilance like that of Argus, hundred-eyed, watched every corner of the land, and repressed the faintest sign of agitation. And when the day of election came, scarcely a single Republican ticket could be printed or distributed in all the Southern country. A silence of moral and intellectual death reigned over the whole region. Napoleon III., who is shocking the civilized world with his endeavour to establish an absolute despotism in France, never ventured upon anything so sweeping and so arbitrary as this.

Nor is it only at the South that the influence of this institution is felt upon the public mind. It is a sword whose hilt is at Washington, whose point is everywhere. It subjects us all to its criticism and censure, and we accept its judgments. It compels eminent publishers in Boston and New York to mutilate their books if they would keep the popular patronage; it prescribes, in the spirit of a dictator, what shall be the character of our magazines; it is the presiding genius in many an editorial sanctum and many a professor's chair; it tells us how we must read our Bibles, and how much of our Christianity it will be safe for us to use; it stands at the door of nearly every pulpit in the land and says to the preacher, "Speak as I bid you, or leave your place." We are never at liberty to forget that its eye is fastened upon us, that it follows us into our homes, like an invisible police, ready to confront us with instant penalties if we let fall a careless word or make a heedless movement. It is verily amazing to see how subtle and all subduing this influence is—the influence of a few determined men, wielding enormous wealth, masters of an immense patronage, and adepts in all the arts of political intrigue. I actually shudder sometimes, as men used to shudder in the old days of the Spanish Inquisition, when I feel the shadow of this institution falling upon me, and know that it is falling in like manner, perhaps even more coldly, upon the natures of a million of freemen, darkening their minds, confusing their sentiments, paralyzing their humane feelings, spreading a torpor throughout their moral system, and chilling their very hearts to the core with a nameless fear. It is passing strange that we can call ourselves, by any stretch of language, an independent people, when we are so universally and so completely under the dominion of an institution that we do not feel free to speak our deepest thoughts aloud, and scarcely venture to cherish them in secret; when absolutely, unless we are morally stronger than common, we are not at liberty to call our souls our own, are not at liberty to exercise those rights that are deemed most peculiarly sacred.

Certainly such a state of things should make us profoundly thoughtful at all times, but especially when the season recurs for the celebration of our national deliverance from a foreign yoke. Already the older nations are thinking that our independence is superficial and nominal, existing rather in theory than in fact; and truly, in some very important respects, it seems to be so.

This infirmity in our moral sentiments and will would be less extraordinary and less sad if we were struggling up from a condition of barbarism, and had only advanced thus far in the natural course of our development. But it cannot be forgotten that we are falling from a grand estate, and are, by our actual conduct, belying the promises of a noble ancestry and a religious past. We come of a race that has always ranked foremost in its love of civil and moral liberty and its appreciation of manly character. Our theory of government is such as the world hitherto has never entertained. Our fathers were men in no respect behind those of the most heroic ages of the world. Our early history is bright with an immortal fame. To us, or rather, if we must make the qualification, to our ancestors, belongs the great glory, a glory that the best Christians may be proud of, of having translated into the language of statesmanship the Golden Rule of Jesus, and planted it in the very front of our Declaration of Independence. It is said that the beginnings of all nations are religious; but ours was formally and deliberately so. Its seed was a text from the gospels. The men weighed their words and were in grave, in solemn earnest when they wrote these sublime words, "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that amongst these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men." It flashed like lightning into clear and earnest minds that the black people were men, offspring of the same Creator who made *them*. I need not repeat to you here the well-known opinions of Washington, Jefferson and Madison, of Franklin, Wythe and Pinckney, men whom we draw nigh to with mouths full of glorification, but whom only the noblest and the best know how to honour aright—men whose very shades are wronged by the vain praise that is poured out upon their least conspicuous and manly virtues. Allow me only to read to you words written by Patrick Henry of Virginia, the man whose eloquence did more to kindle the love of liberty in American hearts than any other altar-coal that was laid there. "Is it not amazing," he says, "that, at a time when the rights of humanity are defined and understood with precision, in a country above all others fond of liberty, that in such an age and such a country we find men, professing a religion the most humane, mild, generous and gentle, adopting a principle as repugnant to humanity as it is inconsistent with the Bible and destructive to liberty? Would any one believe that I am master of slaves of my own purchase? I will not, I cannot justify it. I believe a time will come when an opportunity will be offered to abolish this lamentable evil. Everything we can do is to improve it, if it happens in our day; if not, let us transmit to our descendants, together with our slaves, a pity for their unhappy lot and an abhorrence of slavery." True, this otherwise great man confesses that he himself was in bondage to the spirit of ease, which made it impossible for him individually to face the inconvenience of living where he did without his servants. But his declaration is, perhaps, the more valuable for that.

The most eminent clergymen in New England spoke of the institution in the same strain. The celebrated Dr. Hopkins, of Newport, preached until his Church went with him in their conviction. The great Jonathan Edwards, whose iron logic fastened the Calvinistic theology upon the minds of men, spoke freely against the injustice and the impolicy of holding men in slavery. Our modern position towards that evil institution is a sad falling off from a spirit like this. Where are the disciples among us of those high-minded men? There are not wanting those who call them Lord, Lord, but where are they who do as they did? Enough there are to conceal their sentiments and misquote their words, and misrepresent their position. Eloquent lips are calling upon us to revere those great memories. O that they might persuade us honestly and frankly to do so! To honour such men as those would be a glory that we have not yet attained to; to be the servants of their heartfelt principles would be a freedom the like of which we have never known. O for a single day when their memory might be honoured only by *words*, that should bring them before us just as they *were* in all their grand and simple majesty, and should make their great lives preach to us a lesson of true *independence!* O for a single pulsation in our hearts of that love of liberty, founded on the respect for *man*, which animated and glowed in theirs!

These men were not politicians, in any modern use of the term. They were men not of politics, but of *principles*. And no grander lesson have they handed down to us than this: that nations are raised up, and united, and delivered, not by politics, but by principles; that *principles*, and nothing but *principles*, can rescue men from the fascinations of ease and prosperity, and render them morally free. The politician, with all his plots and manœuvres, has no legitimate function save this: to construct the *machinery* by which great moral *principles* are to be effective in organized government and enacted law; without such principles, his function is at an end. He is a mill that grinds no corn. Parties do but *organise* ideas that already lie deep in people's hearts, taking as much of them as will avail for their purpose, and leaving the rest. They are never prophetic; they never originate sentiments; they never create convictions. When we would describe people as lying under the most debasing despotism, we have been wont to speak of them as *priest-ridden*. But there is such a thing as being *politician*-ridden; and there is no more certain indication of our fallen condition than the faith we place in political parties, which, for the most part, strive for nothing but their own success, and soon forget, in the heat and dust of controversy, that they ever had or pretended to have a principle to advance. *Tools* are nothing without *men*. Conventions, manifestoes, cliques, cabals, organs, votes, with all the apparatus of partisanship, are nothing without *hearts*—human hearts full of truth, and justice, and pity. The country is truly *governed* by the fathers who instruct their sons, as the Israelites of old did, in the teachings, the beliefs and the lives of the best Christian men; by the *mothers* who give their children, with their nursling milk, a temper truth-loving, humane and brave; by ministers of the gospel of Jesus who know no duty but that of reproducing in human souls the lineaments of their merciful, faithful, loving and self-sacrificing Master; by good men, who, in the god-illumined obscurity of private life, preserve and display the qualities of an upright and loyal mind; by meek women who diffuse around them an atmosphere in which cowardice, greed and falsity cannot live. Every good politician will feel himself honoured by being the minister of these.

O, my friends, do not, I pray you, fall into the grievous error of thinking that you can do nothing to restore the great spirit of Liberty which has fled from us; that you can do nothing to lift off the burden of that hideous wrong which gives the lie to all our professions of freedom, and mocks, with an impious inconsistency, our splendid theory of republican government; that you can do nothing to beget that spirit of personal independence, independence of conviction, thought and word, which alone constitutes the dignity of a people. You can do *everything; all* the power is in your hands. Take what political measure you deem judicious; join what party you will, or join none; think as you will, or as you must, of the Union and the Constitution; feel as your charity prompts you towards the men who, ignorantly or otherwise, support and perpetuate this pernicious system of slavery; these are all secondary matters, matters of opinion, not matters of conscience; but, for the sake of all that is dear, and holy, and good, do let us learn to feel, and think, and speak towards this system as the noblest of our fathers did, as the wisest and best men of every nation under the sun do now, as the dictates of our hearts and the laws of our divine religion absolutely require of us. Let us rise above our servile expediencies and our degrading fears; let us cherish an honourable shame at our indifference, born of selfishness and sloth. Young men, young women, brothers and sisters all, God has given us hearts, and Jesus has given us teaching; let us pledge ourselves that we, whatever may be our capacity, whatever may be our place, will henceforth remember those in bonds as bound *with* them.

"Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! True freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free."

DREADFUL RIOTS.—This city, on the 4th inst., was the scene of brutal and bloody riots, in which some eight or ten persons were killed and a hundred others wounded. The old Police, under Mayor Wood, had been disbanded the day previous, while the Metropolitan force, provided for by act of the last Legislature, was not yet fully organized; and two bodies of desperate and lawless men, known as "Dead Rabbits" and "Bowery Boys," taking advantage of this state of affairs, sought to gratify their belligerent propensities by a street fight. The "Dead Rabbits," composed chiefly of the most desperate of the Irish population, appear to have begun the strife, which the Police Commissioners were able to quell only by the aid of the military. The course of Mayor Wood in resisting the new Police law has had the natural effect of exciting and emboldening all the ruffianism of the city, and the responsibility for the bloody scenes to which we allude must rest chiefly with him. The government of this city, if not absolutely in the hands of thieves, gamblers, burglars and swindlers generally, is so far under their control that it cannot be relied upon for the protection of virtue or the repression of crime. It is characterized by official knavery of such a type as throws all individual rascality into the shade. Such a government is precisely what might be expected in a city whose most eminent and honoured religious teachers scoff at the Higher Law of God, instructing their flocks that there is no rule of life more sacred than the U. S. Constitution and the statutes of the American Congress.

THE CHURCH—ITS RELATIONS TO FREEDOM.

A LETTER FROM JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

The communication signed "B.," published in The Standard of the 13th ult., is so kind, so catholic in spirit, that I feel impelled to answer it. I think, however, that he is better versed in the Presbyterial polity than he is in that of the Congregational Church. The Church of which I have been an humble member for more than thirty years was formed upon the "accommodation plan" adopted in the early settlement of the Western country. Such Churches were composed mostly of Congregationalists, but in nearly all were members who preferred the Presbyterian form of Church government. While such members remained in any of those Churches, they were, of course, members of the Presbytery in which they were situated. When they ceased to have such members, they no longer held connection with the Presbytery, but acted solely on their Congregational platform.

The Church of which I am a member held this relation to the "Presbytery of Grand River," when, in 1847, they elected me, a lay member, to represent that body in the New School General Assembly. I had myself been bred in the school of New England Congregationalists, and held to the policy of that order; but I gladly complied with the feelings of the Presbytery.

My object was, so far as able, to induce the Assembly to avow the "Most High" as the Author of human existence, and of that liberty so necessary to sustain and defend the life which God hath given us, to render it useful and happy. I had been for some years engaged in efforts to separate our people and government from the barbarous system of African slavery; I had seen that mankind were looking to the religious sects for example and instruction upon great moral truths; and I had no doubt that the New School Presbyterian General Assembly would stand forth in the avowal and maintenance of these fundamental doctrines.

But I speak in great sorrow, and not in anger, when I say there appeared very little disposition among the great body of its members to take any action upon the subject. They did not deny the doctrines. Indeed some could not believe that any Presbyterian would deny them; while the Assembly, as a body, repudiated them in the most practical and emphatic manner.

Among both the clerical and lay members were men whose whole lives had been a practical denial of these self-evident truths; men who were in the practice of buying and selling God's image; of holding their brethren in chains; scourging the Saviour in the person of his followers; lending their moral and political influence to a system of human degradation which excludes three millions of our fellow-beings in this nation from reading the gospel; closes up the windows of their intellects; shuts out the sunlight of truth from their souls, and envelopes their moral existence in the gloom of mental night. They denied the brotherhood of man, denied that a Just God had given to others the natural right to life and liberty which they claimed for themselves. They put forth their powers in favour of an institution which consigns five hundred thousand American females to prostitution, and annually dooms twenty-five thousand human victims to premature graves. When the Assembly gathered around the sacramemental board methought I saw the blood of those victims dripping from their hands, besmearing the sacred vessels, and defiling the holy emblems which were swallowed by Northern Doctors of divinity. My soul sickened at the sight. I turned away in anguish. I wept in sorrow.

To have said all I felt would, at that time, have been offensive to many sincere and pious men. Others did not see things as I saw them, did not feel as I felt. The Church to which I belonged quietly and silently ceased to send representatives to the Presbytery, as no member desired to hold further connection with that order; and we thereby became an independent Congregational Church; holding no more connection with Dr. Adams or Dr. Ross than with Alexander Campbell or Brigham Young. Your correspondent is entirely mistaken when he supposes that either of those men could be received, or regarded as a Christian, either by me or by the Church of which I am a member.

In saying this I would not offend any human being; but I must not disguise the fact, that I regard no man as a *Christian* who hesitates to avow the right of every human being to *understand the duties of Christianity.*

I write under peculiar circumstances. My sun of life is near its setting. I know the time of my departure draws nigh. And as I thus stand on the verge of existence your correspondent demands an explanation of my sectarian views. If I leave those views for him or any other person to examine, I would leave them so distinctly expressed as to be understood. I therefore express my full conviction that neither one, nor any, nor all of the religious sects which now exist, meet the intelligence or the real Christianity of the present age; and that, as time advances, these defects will become still more apparent.

For three hundred years our Theology has remained stationary, while the arts and sciences have been constantly extending, intelligence has been increasing, and mankind becoming more and more elevated. The present age sees nature, discerns her laws, understands them to be the will of God, regards the duties of mankind, the rights of humanity amid the full blaze of moral light which the noontide of civilization is now pouring upon mankind; while Luther, and Calvin, and the Reformers of the Sixteenth Century avowed doctrines which they discovered by the dim moral twilight, which then merely began to dawn upon the earth.

The gospel had been proclaimed under the rule of Imperial Rome, when men had very little conception of civil or religious liberty. The Saviour was crucified for speaking truth. His apostles fell martyrs to the civil power. The Church of Rome at length, extending its influence over the civil authority, enforced its sectarian doctrines by the inquisition, by the horrors of the "auto-da-fe."

The reformers of that age struck at some of the prominent errors of the Church, both in faith and practice, but they advanced no *fundamental* truths on which all men claiming Christianity must agree. The Reformers themselves held to the Divine right of kings to bear civil rule over their fellow-men, to establish privileges for one class and impose heavy burthens on others; that the Church held the same rule over the conscience and the faith of mankind. They were intolerant, persecuted those who disagreed with them. Calvin himself advised, nay, caused, the burning of servetus for uttering the honest sentiments of his own heart. No one then dared avow the right of all men to think for themselves, to decide upon their own form of faith, to proclaim the equal rights of all men to civil, religious and spiritual freedom. Luther's ninety-five propositions were aimed at the sale of indulgences under the Papal rule. Those propositions are of little interest to the present age. Calvin's five points of theology, to wit: "Predestination," "Limited Atonement," "Total Depravity," "Irresistible Grace," and "Final Perseverance of the Saints," are far less interesting to the present generation than are the practical duties of "*doing unto others as we would have them do unto us.*" The reformers of that age sought to control the thoughts, to guide the faith of mankind by metaphysical theories and abstract dogmas but little understood by the people or divines. Hence the great number of sects of the present age, each holding to some doctrine, some article of faith, which distinguishes it from others. Yet, all reflecting Christians now hold that the great object of human existence is the *instruction*, the *elevation*, the *unfolding* of each, and of *every* moral being, preparing him or her for usefulness here and for enjoyment here and hereafter, in just such degree as the moral faculties are developed. That philosophy, religion, the laws and revelations of God, teach us that no vice can escape punishment and no virtue can be separated from its appropriate reward.

Thus while our religious sects have adhered to creeds and covenants, and articles of abstract faith, the popular mind has progressed in religious knowledge, and the great body of the American people now occupy a higher religious position, and avow religious truths which are more practical, more fundamental, than those proclaimed by any religious sect of the present day. Indeed, we see a great and a rapidly increasing political party basing its existence, its expectations of success upon the self-evident truths, that all men hold from the Creator the *equal* and *inalienable right* to enjoy life, and that civil, religious and spiritual liberty which is so necessary to render life useful to the individual and to the world; that human governments are constituted to secure the enjoyment of these rights which God has conferred on mankind; that no human enactment which attempts to repeal the will of the "Most High" can bind the conscience or command the respect of good men.

Neither Luther, nor Calvin, nor any of our religious sects, of either ancient or modern times, has ever proclaimed these primal doctrines in its creed, its articles of faith, or its covenants. On the contrary, most of our religious denominations admit the authority of rulers and legislators to change, to modify the laws of God, to rob their fellow-men of those rights which God has bestowed upon all mankind. Indeed, a portion of the members of most of the leading denominations assert and maintain that God has authorized one portion of our race to enslave and brutalise another portion. And members of those sects who are engaged in the daily commission of these crimes against God's law and our common humanity, avow confident hopes of salvation through *imputed* righteousness and *irresistible* grace.

I hesitate not to declare such theology opposed to the laws of God, the teachings of the Gospel, to the philosophy, the judgment and conscience of enlightened Christian men, however it may accord with the sentiments of a barbarous age.

I think the time has arrived when some modern Luther, or Calvin, should erect the standard of a higher, a purer theology, a theology in harmony with the laws of purity, of justice, of God; a theology in harmony with the teachings of the Gospel; a theology approved by the philosophy, the judgment of enlightened men; a theology that acknowledges and proclaims the primal truths, that life, that civil, religious and spiritual freedom are the *gifts of God*—that every member of the human family has received from the Creator "an *equal* and *inalienable* right to enjoy them—that such enjoyment is necessary to develope the intellect, elevate the soul, and prepare the individual for usefulness, for happiness here and hereafter—that every attempt to limit the sphere of human thought, or to hold the mind or the body of one man in subjection to the views or the will of another, or to prevent the enlargement of the immortal mind, or prevent the full and perfect development of any human soul, constitutes a crime to which, by the laws of nature and of nature's God, the appropriate penalty is inseparably connected, while every act in harmony with those laws necessarily elevates the individual and prepares him for higher attainments.

For the protection of these rights and the encouragement of these duties all governments and associations should be adapted. Of all the nations of the earth, ours is the most favourably situated for carrying forward this great reformation. Our Government was founded upon these truths, and most of our people believe them. The reformation has commenced, is in rapid progress. In all parts of the country men are awaking to the necessity of a more practical theology. The open and undisguised infidelity recently avowed in the Presbyterian General Assembly, that "*there is no such thing as eternal right and wrong,*" has awakened the most thoughtless. Men see that mere theories, bald forms of sectarian faith, are impotent and useless. Our old organizations are becoming inert, inefficient, worn out. Men long to lay them aside, to disconnect themselves from these theoretic technicalities, which retard the union of hearts upon those great and vital truths which elevate mankind and prepare them for usefulness, for happiness. Many of our ministers have caught the inspiration of these truths. They are giving utterance to the solemn convictions of their own judgment, unfettered by sectarian prejudices. The sea of human thought, which has remained quiet for an hundred and fifty years, is troubled. Its waters, nearly stagnant from long repose, are now ploughed by many keels. Discussion is stirring its deep foundations. The billows of agitation are rolling, and I trust the storm will continue, until false theories, and infidelity, the love of oppression, of tyranny, violence, polygamy, and slavery shall be overwhelmed, and their broken wrecks cast upon the sterile coast of political and religious conservatism.

Joshua R. Giddings.

CHILDREN'S CONVENTION,

To be held at Longwood, Chester County, Pa., on Seventh day, the first of Eighth month (August), 1857, the Anniversary of Emancipation in the British West Indies.

UNCLE JOSEPH'S LETTER TO THE CHILDREN.

Dear Little Girls and Boys: The other day, I met a group of sunny-faced little girls. The brightest of the number called out, lovingly, "Uncle Joseph, we want thee to have another meeting for *us*." Not one of the little maidens did I know, but they so completely magnetized me with their winning ways, that the noble Major (our sensible horse, who makes bows to the children) instinctively stopped, while I exchanged a few pleasant words with the little ones. Then, at meeting and other places where I see *well-known* little faces, the same wish has been expressed, in so many ways that, to tell the truth about it, I feel my heart stirred as it used to be when I was a trustful, merry boy myself, and I begin to want to be a child again. I love God and little children: is it any wonder that my heart yearns thus? What Tupper calls "a well-spring of delight" we *have not* in our otherwise joyous home. Our only son is *far* away, and the other two are in Heaven. One of them was a bright-eyed, loving little girl, who used to run with me to the meadows, on the Western prairies, carrying her tiny cup to the milking, saying, "more *mik*—a daisy, papa." But my eyes are getting moist. Excuse this digression.

Well, *when* shall we have the meeting, and *where?* What do you say to the first Seventh day in the Eighth month—the first of August? That will be the anniversary of the emancipation of thousands of children and their parents from a state of chattelism in the West Indies, where they had been sold as we sell calves and lambs to the butcher! Let us celebrate the day like real little Republicans. Do you agree to *that?* Well, though we are little folks, we can get the nice meeting-house at Longwood, where the big folks held their Yearly Meeting, and the young women and men have a great Lyceum. Let us all be punctually on the ground at 10 o'clock, a. m. The real *live* Longwood is just in sight, where there is a crystal spring, and plenty of old forest-trees for shade. Friends John and Hannah kindly say we may just have it *for our own* on that day, the same as if it belonged to us! Even the hundreds of bird who have possession of it, and sing merry songs there, make no objection. Well, after the meeting is over, we shall hie away to the woods. Do you agree to that? Now, girls and boys, get up early that morning, "time enough," as Eliza Sproat said, "to see the sun put out the moon and drive away the stars, as he pours out the beautiful day," from his golden urn. It seems to me we might organize ourselves into a Children's Society, and have a meeting every year; but ah! there is a difficulty. Some of our number will be so regardless of the rules as to cross over the line between the juveniles and seniors. Then we should have to *disown* them. How could they be members of our Society after crossing the line? I should not wonder if there were, in that case, some compromisers among us, just as there are in the government. But don't let us take trouble on interest. Two years ago, the big people were afraid we would not let them in. All we ask of them is, Please stand back a little and give us the platform and front seats. Let us fill our baskets with lunch (and leave them in the wagons), gather the finest flowers we can find, look up the little ones that have no conveyances, and *crowd a little* rather than leave a *sorrowing neglected one* behind. It will make your hearts larger. Last year, and the year before, you know, many children came from the neighbouring Counties and the gallant little State of Delaware. I should not wonder if Oliver Johnson, too, should hear of the meeting and want to be a boy again, and pay the railroad fare for a man rather than miss being on hand. Then the rain drops may get the notion that where there is so much fun *they must come too!* Well, children, let us show a *large hospitality*—let them *all come.* We shall have a grand time. I am pretty certain *one will*, at any rate, who delights to subscribe himself your lover and friend,

Joseph A. Dugdale.

Near Longwood, Chester Co., Pa., 7 mo. 1, 1857.

An anti-slavery friend took occasion, the other day, to tell us how *Littell's Living Age* had tried his patience by publishing with approbation the outline of Elihu Burritt's absurd and impracticable scheme for freeing the slaves by purchase. Highly as he esteemed that periodical, he was tempted to discard it as behind the *Age*, if not pro-slavery in spirit. And yet the article which excited his impatience on account of its compromising spirit, and which every abolitionist would instinctively "spew out of his mouth" as devoid of sound principle, has proved exceedingly offensive to the friends of slavery. *De Bow's Review*, the commercial organ of the Slave Power, vents its indignation against the *Living Age* in the following terms:

"Some time since we warned our readers against the growing abolitionism of this once reliable journal, popular at the South as well as throughout the country. It has, at last, taken another great step, thrown off the flimsy mask, and insolently undertakes to lecture the South and Southern statesmen on their future duties. If this work has yet any Southern subscribers, it should cease to have any to-day.

"The number for June 20, 1857, in addition to an outrageous article, copied from the *Quarterly Review*, villifying the South, embraces a paper, on page 754, addressed "to Southern Statesmen," which is partly editorial and partly made up from one of the anti-slavery journals of the North. Thus does the journal travel entirely out of its appropriate sphere, in order that the wretched instinct for mischief and for intermeddling in other people's affairs, which is so characteristic usually of Northern ill-regulated minds, may be gratified."

POLITICS.

The Republicans of Vermont have nominated for Governor, Ryland Fletcher; for Lieut.-Governor, James M. Slade, son of ex-Governor William Slade. In this State, Republican nomination is equivalent to election, the Border Ruffian Democracy having little strength.

John W. Forney, a conspicuous manager of the Democratic party in the last Presidential canvass, and who, backed by Buchanan's influence, yet failed of an election to the U. S. Senate, is about to start a new daily paper, *The Press*, in Philadelphia. He professes an intention to "sustain the policy of the Administration," but is understood to be in a sulky mood and to cherish purposes inconsistent with the harmony of the party.

The Constitutional Convention of Minnesota will pretty certainly be in the control of the Republicans by at least two majority. The Slave Democracy made desperate efforts to obtain the ascendancy, but with all the power and prestige of the National Government to aid them, they have been defeated. If we do not hope much from the success of the Republicans, we can at least rejoice in the defeat of their opponents.

Impartial witnesses testify that, in the Republican Convention of Massachusetts, the party favourable to the nomination of Banks for Governor resisted with mobocratic violence the attempts of the anti-Banks men to give the reasons for their opposition. Freedom of speech was effectually "crushed out" by the majority. We see, however, that the *Massachusetts Spy*, which, before the nomination, opposed Mr. Banks with great vehemence, has concluded to support him; and we presume that the other Republican papers which exerted their influence against him will follow its example. Mr. Banks is a man of expediency rather than principle, and if he does not exert his influence to check and repress all radical anti-slavery measures, it will be because he is himself held in restraint by the augmenting force of the anti-slavery sentiment around him.

Thomas W. Drew has withdrawn from the *Massachusetts Spy*—of which he has been junior editor for several years—because he could not conscientiously join his senior, Mr Earle, in supporting Nathaniel P. Banks for Governor. In his valedictory Mr. Drew says:

"The junior editor disclaims all intention of supporting Mr. Banks, as the Republican candidate for Governor, and he desires here and now to wash his hands of all suspicion of aiding in the elevation of that gentleman to the gubernatorial chair. Not a word can he conscientiously utter, not a line can he conscientiously put upon paper, that would tend to such a result, which he believes would be more disastrous to the Republican cause than a hundred defeats.

"The junior editor of the *Spy* was aware of the fact, before the appearance of Mr. Banks's letter, that Mr. Banks would not take an unequivocal position with the Republican party and upon the Philadelphia platform, for he had been assured by one of his (Mr. Banks's) particular friends and confidants that he (Mr. Banks) had said to him within a few days, that he had too great a regard for his national reputation to do that. In a conversation which he himself had with Mr. Banks within a fortnight, Mr. Banks had let fall expressions which fully satisfied him that he did not consider himself a member of the Republican party. Joined to this, he had the declaration of Hon. Henry Wilson, made not to him alone, but to other gentlemen of the Republican party, in divers places and at divers times, that Mr. Banks was personally and politically obnoxious to a large portion of the Republican members of the last Congress; that, as Speaker of the House, he was unfair towards the North in his rulings and decisions; and that at the close of the last Congress, when the usual resolution of thanks was offered to the Speaker, had it not been for the fact that Southern members had made an organized determined effort to defeat that resolution, there were thirty-five Republican members who would have quietly voted Nay. Mr. Wilson had also stated to him, as a fact, that the Southern fire-eaters, such as Cobb and Stevens of Georgia, could always obtain the floor from the presiding officer, while such was his disregard of the rights of Republicans in that House, that he himself had been obliged to call at Mr. Banks's lodgings and implore him to afford fair play to Northern members.

"Such facts as these, coupled with Mr. Banks's disgraceful conduct at the Republican Convention last year, when he attempted, single-handed, to gag the Republican party of the State and force the whole Know-Nothing ticket down its throat; his insolent, profane and overbearing demeanour upon that platform, where he assumed the part of dictator, backed up by the hired myrmidons of the Massachusetts Cataline, have wrought in him a firm conviction that Mr. Banks is not the man for Massachusetts at this hour—that any victory achieved under his leadership will, in the end, only prove disastrous to the Republican cause—and that any triumph, however great may be the majority, will only leave with the Republican party

"'A barren sceptre in their gripe,
Thence to be wrenched by an unlineal hand:
No son of theirs succeeding.'"

A Mass Republican State Convention was held at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on the 17th ult. Gerrit Smith was the chief speaker, and the resolutions adopted by the Convention have a squint toward some of the peculiar doctrines which he is known to hold. We doubt if the following would be passed in a Republican Convention in any other State, and we presume that a *delegated* Convention, responsible to the several constituences, even in Wisconsin, would have refused to endorse them.

That the Federal Government is one solely of delegated powers, and the State Government of original and reserved powers, retaining in full force all the powers not delegated to the Federal Government, or prohibited by the U. S. Constitution; that each Government is sovereign in its own sphere, and in the exercise of its legitimate powers; that the State Government has the same right to determine the extent of its powers as the Federal Government has to judge of the extent of its powers; and that to make the Federal Government the exclusive or final judge of its own powers, and to concede to the Federal Courts appellate jurisdiction over the State Courts would be to strip the State of every essential attribute of sovereignty, and of the power of self-protection, and to place the liberties of the people, not in the keeping and protection of the State Government—the legitimate guardian thereof—but in the power of the Federal Government, and at the mercy of whatever party or interest might control that Government.

That, while we will sustain and defend the Federal Government in the exercise of all its delegated powers, we will maintain the authority of the State Government in the exercise of all power not delegated to the Federal Government, nor prohibited by the U. S Constitution.

That we cling to the Sovereignty and rights of the States, and to the protecting power of the State Courts against the encroachments and usurpations of the Federal Government, as the sheet anchor of our liberties, and that we pledge ourselves to sustain the State Courts and the State Government in protecting the liberties of the people, at all hazards and in all emergencies.

That we honour and revere the Constitution and Government which our Fathers established, and we will strive to make them what they were designed to be, the charter and pledge of Freedom, and a blessing to all the people.

That the Constitution of the United States does not, either in express terms or by any just construction of its provisions, give any authority or sanction to human slavery; that it confers upon Congress no power to pass *Fugitive Slave Acts*, to permit slavery in any Territory, or to Legislate in its behalf, but that it is the right and duty of Congress to prohibit slavery in all Territories and places under its exclusive jurisdiction, and to protect, with equal care, the rights of all persons residing therein, without regard to Birth, Creed, or Colour.

That it is the duty of all Republican Governments to protect the Liberties of all the people from whom they require allegiance.

That we hold to the compacts of the Constitution, and the obligations of the States not to refuse to return fugitives who owe service or labour in other States by the laws thereof; but that as "*owe*" and "*own*" are correlative terms, and he who does not own himself cannot owe another, there can be no service due from a chattel, and no obligation on the part of a State to return fugitive slaves.

That, as the highest Judicial Tribunal of this State has declared the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850, to be unconstitutional and void, there is, therefore, no law for the reclamation of Fugitive Slaves in Wisconsin, and whoever undertakes to return a fugitive into slavery is a kidnapper.

That, whoever treads the soil of Wisconsin is free, and whoever undertakes to enslave any of its inhabitants, should be visited with the severest penalties.

That the proper office and duty of government is to protect men's rights, not to subvert them; to expose and punish crime, and not to uphold it; and that as slavery is a crime against humanity, of the deepest dye, it can no more be constitutionalized or legalized than theft, robbery or murder.

The Kentucky News.—We have more than once commended to the notice of our readers *The Kentucky News* (Daily and Weekly), an anti-slavery journal, published at Newport, opposite Cincinnati, by Mr. W. S. Bailey. He and his worthy family have made many sacrifices to sustain the paper, and encountered the bitter hostility of the slaveholders, who have resorted to every measure of persecution that promised to rid them of a press that they could neither bribe nor frighten into silence on the subject of slavery. They have forced him into such a condition of pecuniary embarrassment that, unless he speedily obtains aid, his house must be sold over his head. The friends of freedom owe it to their cause to save him from such a calamity. The *News* is an excellent paper, and it ought to circulate by thousands in the free States.

Appointment.—The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society have appointed the Rev. N. R. Johnston, of Topsham, Vermont (Pastor of the Covenanter Presbyterian Church), a Lecturing Agent of said Society; and Mr. Johnston has accepted the appointment, with a view to such labour as his present duties will allow him to bestow. The Committee have also secured the services of Charles L. Remond for anti-slavery labour in Vermont during the present Summer.

THE KANSAS STRUGGLE.

The victory in the recent bogus election in Kansas appears to have been won, not by the party which elected its candidates, but by that which steadfastly refused to take any part therein. We commend this illustrative fact to the particular attention of *The Tribune* and of those politicians generally who often talk as if man were nothing without the ballot-box, and lose no opportunity of sneering at non-voting Abolitionists as impracticable dreamers and do-nothings. The Free State men of Kansas whose names are on the census-lists, like the Disunion Abolitionists, stayed away from the polls distinctly upon the ground that they could not vote without giving their sanction, directly or impliedly, to injustice, tyranny and fraud. *The Tribune*, which, only the other day, declared the efforts of Abolitionists who did not vote to be mere "gas, humbug, flummery, fallacy," is loud in its praises of the Free State party in Kansas and claims that they have won a substantial triumph over their opponents and "placed in a clear light the atrocity of the usurpation to which Kansas, by virtue of Federal cannon, is now subjugated." If so much has been accomplished in a Western Territory by men who, upon principle, refused to go to the polls, is it incredible to suppose that non-voting Abolitionists at the East may render important service to the cause of freedom, by conscientiously and persistently using their moral power in its behalf? It may be said that the cases are not parallel, inasmuch as the Free State men of Kansas stand ready to vote and to hold office under a government justly organized, while the Garrisonian Abolitionists are non-voters *per se*. But this is a great mistake, as we have often had occasion to declare. The latter class, with only here and there an exception, are non-voters only in the same sense that the former were in the late struggle in Kansas. They are anxious to establish a free Republic and ready to take an active part in its organization and maintenance. They refuse to vote under the present United States Constitution because that instrument contains several provisions which they deem immoral, unjust and tyrannical; and they would fain persuade the people of the Free States to repudiate it and establish in its place a form of government free from all complicity with oppression. They believe this measure to be just as practicable as it is for the people of Kansas to throw off the yoke which has been placed upon their necks by the Slave Oligarchy. Given the *will*, the way is easy.

The pledges of Gov. Walker, in behalf of himself and the Administration, to repudiate the Constitution about to be framed by the bogus Convention, in case that body refuses to submit it for ratification or rejection to the people, have caused an intense excitement at the South. The Democratic Conventions of Georgia and Mississippi and nearly all the leading journals of the South have condemed his course in the severest terms as a virtual betrayal of the slave interest, and leading Southern politicians are clamouring for his removal. Some of the Southern members of the Cabinet are said to be in favour of yielding to this demand. One despatch from Washington, dated the 7th inst., informs us that "the President and Gen. Cass, hitherto supporting Gov. Walker, are now shaking. They talking of his indiscretion in interfering in behalf of Free State men." Another, dated the same day says: "The article in the *Union* this morning on Kansas affairs is the authorized exposition of the views of the Administration on that subject, and, as intimated in last night's despatch, fully sustains the course of Gov. Walker, in advising the submission of the Constitution to the vote of the people, and defends him from Southern attacks."

The probability is that the bogus Convention will frame a Constitution entirely silent upon the question of slavery, but virtually recognising it as already established by law; and then proceed to put that Constitution in force by an election of State officers, without giving the people any chance to pronounce a judgment thereon.

PERSONAL.

The London correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* says: "All your readers will rejoice to hear that their gallant Senator, Charles Sumner, has arrived in London from Paris, and that his report of himself is most satisfactory; he is slowly though surely gaining strength, still spending a portion of every day upon the sofa, and not in a condition to do any brain work, but each day adding a little to his stock of health, both of mind and body."

The Worcester *Spy* says that Theodore Parker will be obliged to leave his pulpit soon, on account of failing health. Mr. Parker preached a sermon at Music Hall, on Sunday, his subject being "The Progress of Despotism," in which he said, among other things, "that the Government had become so degenerate, that the rulers had stricken the figure of liberty from the coins of the country, and have put in its place on the new coin an ugly-looking vulture."

Wm. L. Marcy, formerly U. S. Senator, Governor of New York, Secretary of War under the administration of President Polk, and Secretary of State under the Pierce administration, died suddenly, at Ballston, N. Y., on the 4th inst., of heart disease. He was the author of that famous but detestible political maxim, "To the victors belong the spoils," and retained his connection with the Democratic party to the last, notwithstanding its crimes against liberty, giving it the full benefit of his eminent talents and great influence.

John B. Gough and his wife will take their departure for Europe on the 15th inst. Mr. Gough expects to spend three years in the Old World, labouring in the cause of temperance. Mr. Parker Pillsbury, on a recent visit to Boylston, Mass., for the purpose of attending an anti-slavery meeting, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Gough; and in a letter which appears in *The Liberator* he gives a gratifying description of their home and of Mr. Gough's relations to the anti-slavery cause.

"Mr. Gough certainly did all in his power to make my visit to his town and house both useful and agreeable. He has a delightful home, and placed it and all its appointments at my service. His library is a splendid one; and his pictures, cabinet of minerals, shells, etc., are also, for our country, extensive and valuable. His house, garden and grounds are elegant; the whole reminding one of some of the retired beautiful homes of Old England. Mr. Gough has also a fine farm attached, which is constantly improving, under his excellent management—though ten years ago there was neither building, plant nor flower, where he is now completing a Paradise. And one thing which delighted me was, the excellent understanding and friendly intimacy betwixt him and those in his employ. Some of his people have remained with him now seven years, and are to have the oversight of his home affairs while he and Mrs. Gough are abroad three years in the Old World—a beautiful assurance of mutual esteem and confidence. In the quiet little town, too, and neighbourhood, Mr. and Mrs. Gough appear to be universally respected, for their private and social virtues—and a public Soiree is to be given them next week, on their departure for England. But when I assure you that Mr. Gough, in all his sympathies and feelings on the subject of slavery, is fully awake, so much so as to dare be identified with us in this evil generation, you will not wonder that I write you thus particularly about him. Of course, he does not agree with some of us on many theological and other questions. He is still, and expects to remain, connected with the Orthodox Church. But of its pro-slavery, of its Tract, Missionary and other Societies connected with slavery, and receiving the price of human blood and souls into their treasury, he speaks in words that burn like fire. And, consecrated as he seems to be, to the great work of redeeming and saving man from sin and its consequences, I think we may yet hope much from him, in behalf of the enslaved. At any rate, I shall cherish my visit to him and his excellent wife, as one of the pleasantest incidents in my whole anti-slavery life."

We understand that the Old South Church and Society have given their senior pastor, Rev. Dr. Blagden, a vacation of six months, and that he will spend the time in visiting the countries of the Old World. He will sail from this port next month [July.]—*Boston Journal.*

Dr. Blagden is an open defender of slavery from the Scriptures. We dare say, however, that his anti-slavery (!) clerical brethren will readily certify him to the evangelical Christians of Europe as an eminently sound and pious minister of the gospel. They acknowledge him as such at home, and why should they hesitate to commend him to their Christian friends on the other side of the water? Perhaps Dr. Blagden is too proud of his pro-slavery to attempt to hide it when he gets to Europe, but it will be well for our anti-slavery friends there to watch him, and not leave the ministers and churches in ignorance of his true character.

The (Richmond) *South*, commenting upon recent movements in England for the production of cotton by free labour, betrays a wholesome fear of the influence of that country in opposition to slavery. It says:

"The feelings of the British people are deadly inimical to the system of African slavery. They are too strongly committed against it, ever to be influenced by motives of self-interest to abandon their present policy of universal emancipation. *How, after a close examination of this subject, and watching the significant developments of the times, any intelligent mind can long retain the delusion, that our institutions are secure from British hostility, we are unable to see.* Every indication of public sentiment there in respect of this subject, betrays the most execrable form of Abolitionism."

Summary.

A slave woman is advertised to be sold at auction in St. Louis, so beautiful that $5,000 has been offered the owner for her and refused at private sale.

Mad Dogs.—It is stated that there are a very large number of mad dogs in Chester and Delaware Counties, Pa., and that horses, cows and hogs have become rabid from being bitten; and in Philadelphia, it is said, no less than five deaths have occurred from hydrophobia since January.

An attempt was made by the owner of the slaves charged with the recent wholesale attempt to poison in Chesterfield County, Va., to sell them out of the State. For this purpose they were transported to Richmond, but the slave-dealer, on learning the facts, refused to buy them; so they had to be returned, and were surrendered to the authorities for trial.

Antidote to Mosquitoes.—A certain preventive to attacks of mosquitoes, black flies, &c., is said to be glycerine 4 ounces, oil of peppermint 2½ drachms, oil of turpentine 4 drachms. The face, neck, hands, in fact all parts exposed, to be rubbed with the mixture. This was given me by an eminent physician, previous to going into the State of Maine on a hunting expedition. I never knew it used without perfect success.

Forty-one Days without Eating.—We learn that Mr. William Lothrop, who is stopping at the Spiritualists' Hospital, in this town, commenced eating again on Tuesday last, having abstained from partaking of any nourishment (except a little cold water) beside what he derived from taking hold of his wife's hand while she was eating, for *forty-one days!* He has been able to go about during this time with nearly the usual sprightliness, as when he partook of his hearty meals.—*Quincy Patriot.*

We observe that Ralph Waldo Emerson, the poetical essayist, has devoted himself to the profession of school instruction. In the circular of Mr. F. B. Sanborn's Academy, at Concord, Mass., Mr. Emerson is announced as the lecturer on English literature and intellectual philosophy. He will lecture to the pupils once a week. In the same corps of instruction are the names of Dr. Solger, the well known lecturer on history, and Prof. W. B. Rogers, the geologist.

What Does He Think?—Our readers are requested to read the following extracts from Mr. Buchanan's Inaugural Address, and see if they can find out what he thinks of the importance of the slavery question:

Extract No. 1. "This question of Domestic Slavery is of *far greater importance* than any mere political question."

Extract No. 2. "Most happy will it be for the country, when the public mind shall be diverted from this question to others of *more pressing and practical importance.*"

Underground Railroad. — The business on this through line to the land of the free appears to be doing a good business in spite of the Fugitive Slave law and Dred Scott decision. The Hardin County (Ohio) *Democrat* of the 20th announces that fifteen fugitives from the land of the brave passed through that village on the Monday previous, lying in wagons covered with blankets, and that they reached Canada before overtaken by the pursuers.

Another Book on Slavery.—The Rev. Dr. Stiles, we learn from the *Journal of Commerce*, will shortly publish a book on slavery. The *Journal* thinks it will be specially adapted to the North. Dr. Stiles is from the South, and was for some time pastor of the Presbyterian church, Midway, Ky., afterwards of a church in Richmond, Va., and subsequently of a church in New York City. He is now secretary of the Southern Aid Society.

A Singular Reunion.—Ten years ago last night, ten young ladies who were attending school in this city, where Bang's Block now stands, agreed with their teacher, Miss Stearns, to meet in just ten years and have a supper at the Worcester House. Nothing but death was to interfere with the meeting of the full number. Last night they all came to the Lincoln House together. The hand of death had been laid upon none. Time had also dealt leniently with them, and but two of their number were married. They all sat down to a Lincoln House supper.—*Worcester Bay State, 23d.*

Slavery in Minnesota.—The *Minnesota Republican*, published at St. Anthony, says that men are now held as slaves, as property, in Minnesota. Every year men who come from the South bring their slaves as body servants to the hotels, and take them away again. And it has positive information that a Southerner is now holding his slaves at Stillwater, and declares that under the Dred Scott decision, he defies the authorities to interfere. He intends to remain in the Territory, and thus to render slavery a permanent institution.

Three More Federal Arrests.—Three more parties have been arrested and held to bail charged with obstructing United States officers in the execution of their duty in the notorious "Green County Rescue Case." They are Probate Judge Baldwin, Sheriff Clarke, and State Senator Braud, Champaign County. They were arrested in Urbana, by United States Marshal Poffenbarger, and produced before United States Commissioner Newhall, in this city, and were held to bail in $1,500 each to appear for examination, at their request, on the 14th inst. The first investigation in the Green County Rescue cases will begin on the 9th, second on the 11th, and the third on the 14th inst. Poffenbarger is the officer accused of playing the part of spy upon citizens of Champaign County, for the purpose of testifying against them. Judge John A. Corwin will appear as council for the parties last arrested.—*Cincinnati Commercial, July 6.*

Death of Dr. Groom, a Liberated Slave.—Nathaniel Groom, a coloured physician, died on Thursday, at his residence, No. 50 Worth street, from concussion of the brain, produced by a fall down a flight of stairs. He was 65 years of age, was born a slave in Baltimore, and served as a seaman in the U. S. Navy during the war of 1812. This entitled him to his freedom, but he was kept in slavery until freed by a verdict of a jury. Being desirous of having his wife and children freed, he went to New Orleans and laboured until he had saved $3,000, with which he effected their release from bondage. His four sons are now living in Liberia and doing well. He studied medicine in this city some years ago, and has practised with considerable success among his coloured brethren. Coroner Perry held an inquest upon the body, and a verdict of accidental death was rendered.—*Evening Post.*

Consistent in all things.—The Charleston *Mercury* insists that the squatter sovereignty doctrine shall not be set aside in the treatment of the Mormons. It contends that the Mormons have a right to practice polygamy and to legalize it, and a right also to sustain a perfect despotism in the form of a semi-ecclesiastical government. All that the General Government can demand is that the Federal laws shall be respected while it remains a Territory; while, in its local institutions, it may adopt cannibalism or anything else. If Utah presents herself with a State Government, that is in form Republican the *Mercury* insists that she must be admitted into the Union without regard to their institutions or the character of her people. The Southern paper is, in this, consistent. There is really no difference between the slavery of white women and of negroes of either sex.

Loss of Negroes in Mississippi.—We have been favoured by a commercial house in this city with a letter from a planter at Fort Adams, Miss., making serious complaint of the loss of several negroes, and stating that he has reason to suspect that they were enticed away by some scoundrels either Abolitionists or Murrelites, as they left without any apparent cause, not having been punished or having even to fear punishment. Their aim must be to get upon some upper country boat. He thinks their plans have so far been frustrated. He adds:

"A great number of negroes have run away lately, and lately there have been a greater number of transient characters through the country than I ever noticed before. Mr. J. L. Downs lost one, Mr. Baker two, Mr. Evans one, Mr. Watson one, Miss Ford one, and Mr. Ginn one, besides my three; all of whom disappeared about the same time. Could you not prevail on some of your city editors to notice these facts, and caution steamboat officers, and put them on their guard against travelling traders and Abolition scamps? I have already expended a good deal in that way above this place. Enclosed you will find a handbill giving a description of four of the runaways, which please place in the hands of some reliable officers."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Wonderful Moral Tableaux.—A correspondent of the Ravenna (O.) *Reformer* proposes a series of moral tableaux which, if fitly represented, could not fail to "draw" immensely. Here is a part of his programme:

1. A Doctor of Divinity selling his mother to save the Union.
2. Another D.D. in rapt prayer, refusing to ask God to break 4,000,000 fetters, because he is opposed to political praying.
3. A Presbyterian *Divine*, making a speech in the Assembly at Cleveland, in favour of the blessed privilege to steal—his cook, his laundress, and his boot-black, according to the Bible, and his *anti-slavery* brethren "pussying" him over, as a dear, godly brother, whose conscientious belief in man-stealing should be tenderly treated.
4. The Methodist steward, Gorsuch, just coming out of a fit of "the power," to start for Christiana, to shoot a Quaker for harbouring his runaway slave.
5. A Methodist Conference gulling its anti-slavery members, by promising to condemn man-stealing four years hence, and fulfilling the promise by beheading anti-slavery editors.

The Mormons Deprived of the Privilege of Carrying the Mails, &c.—The Postmaster at Independence, Mo., has received a notice from the Postmaster-General that the contract for carrying the mails from thence to Salt Lake has been set aside; and he is therefore ordered to withhold the mails until further orders. This is done by virtue of a right always reserved by the department, to rescind mail contracts on giving due notice and one month's pay to contractors. In this case the contract was taken by a Company of Mormons at Salt Lake City, who have already made several trips under it. So general were the complaints of the mails having been violated and letters opened, especially the correspondence of the Government officials, that it became quite evident these Mormon contractors were mere tools of Brigham Young. The Administration has also taken another step toward insuring the faithful performance of the mail service in Utah. A Postmaster had, it seems, been appointed for Salt Lake City, who was not a Mormon. A commission was sent to him, but never reached its destination, and duplicate copies failed likewise. In fact, he was not recognised by Brigham Young. He has now received his commission in person at Washington, together with full instructions as to his course, and will be sent out supported by a protecting military force.

Southern Tract Society Action.—The religious and auxiliary Tract Societies of the Southern States seem very generally to deprecate, and in most cases denounce, the recent anti-slavery interference of the National Tract organization. The South Carolina branch of the tract organization has the matter under notice, and on Tuesday evening a report was presented by a Committee appointed for the purpose, which, after discussion, was almost unanimously adopted. The report rehearsed the history of the American Tract Society, dwelling particularly upon the abolitionizing tendency of the parent Society during the last few years, which culminated in the last anniversary; and, though the South Carolina branch would feel justified in severing the existing connection, on account of late encroachments, which they believed were opposed to the constitution of the parent Society, yet the Committee advised an intermediate, moderate course, and reported a series of resolutions, declaring that they will not secede until an opportunity for remedial action has been afforded the parent Society; that a correspondence be maintained with kindred Southern branches, with a view to unity of action; that they inspect and pass upon all books sent into the State by the parent Society, choose their own officers, and in every respect make ready for an unconditional separation, in case the parent Society does not relieve herself from her present unconstitutional and hostile position.—*Baltimore American 27th ult.*

Bayard Taylor's Saxon Bride.—Bayard Taylor, who, since his return from Lapland, has been sojourning in the town of Gotha—the capital of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha—left there on the 9th ult., in company with his two sisters and a younger brother, for England, where the latter were to embark for the United States. From England, Taylor and his fellow traveller, Bralsted, intended to set out for a Summer tour in Norway, whence they would return in the Autumn to Gotha, and after wintering there, proceed to Moscow, Southern Russia, the Caucasus and the Crimea. From this tour the travellers will again return to Gotha, to which place Bayard Taylor is now attracted by an attachment stronger than the ties of friendship which have hitherto drawn him thither. He is, in fact, betrothed to a daughter of the astronomer Hausen. Nothing is said about the personal appearance of Taylor's intended bride; but as she is a native of Saxony, a country proverbial for its fair women, we may presume she is beautiful.

"Sachsen,
Wo die schönen Mädchen wachsen."

"Saxony, where the pretty maidens grow," says the poet.—*Evening Post.*

As other journals have already mentioned the fact, it is, perhaps, not improper for us to state that Mr. Bayard Taylor is about to be married to Miss Marie Hansen, a daughter of the eminent German astronomer of that name. The wedding will take place at Gotha, the residence of the bride's family, in the Autumn, after Mr. Taylor's return from the North Cape. The happy couple will spend the next Winter at Moscow. This event will not prevent the execution of Mr. Taylor's plan of an exploration of Central Asia, previous to his return to this country.—*Tribune.*

"Fasisions" Attend.—Copy of a Letter received by a "Fasision," in Nashville:

"———, Tenn., Nov. 9 1856.

"Sir: This is to certefy, that wee, the citozens of, ———, are very ansious to git a good Fasician in our Town, we have only one here, he is always intosicated if you know of a good wone, that wishes to seak a Location, you will confer a great favor upon me by directing him to our Town immediately. Our Town is improoveing rapedly.—bids fair to be a large Town, I presume you have hird of my Mariage; I have takin the Solomon obligations of Matrimony; I Maried Miss ———, on the Twentieth of September; I tell you she is handsome; if she was to pass by you wonce, you would think you was faned by the Breezes of an Angel's wing. Who raw for Buckhannon and Breckeuridge! About eighteen months ago, I dreaded the effects of knownothingism when it raised its flight in the North, it winged its way over these free and republickan States I thought it would find a loging place in the Funeral Pyree, of the Republic, But thank God in the Dark Cloud of Anarchy and Dissolution that thickened around this mighty Faberick of ours, have dispursed, and the same old Democratick Flag, that Jackson and Polk fought under, have wonce more unfurled herself in the breeze, and the proud American Eagle sitting Poised upon it. Now wee can say like the Angel of the Lord that sit among the Myrtle Trees and exclamed that he had passed two and fro and all was peace.—your tru friend."—*Nashville Patriot.*

The Loss of the Steamer Montreal.—Montreal papers state that the number of persons known to have been on board the Montreal, exclusive of crew, were:

From the John McKenzie	258
Raftsmen	50
Cabin passengers (supposed)	30
Total	338

Of these there are saved 114, including some of the crew, making the total loss of life over two hundred and fifty.

At high water the wreck lies twelve feet below the surface, with scarce a vestige above it. At low water it will be nearly nigh and dry.

The Montreal *Commercial Advertiser* brings serious charges against the master and owners of the ill-fated steamer Montreal, saying that they knew of her dangerous condition, and were well aware that sooner or later she would be destroyed by fire, yet made no provision for the safety of her passengers, or by giving her a careful and responsible crew. The whole woodwork about her engines was blackened and charred, and little less inflammable than gunpowder, and she had repeatedly been on fire before the last catastrophe occurred. Her master was a man of very intemperate habits, and is even said to have been drunk when the fire broke out. This would seem to be the most charitable conclusion on his behalf, for otherwise his conduct shows the most culpable neglect and bad calculation. The steamer lay motionless in the middle of the stream for more than an hour after the flames broke out, and full ten minutes after all on board knew that the boat must be consumed; and only after the steam had nearly all been blown off was her stern directed towards the shore. During all this time the only apparatus for extinguishing the flames was a pump with a half inch nozzle.

Mormon Doings in St. Louis.—A series of articles on Mormonism is in course of publication in the St. Louis *Democrat.* Among other statements of facts of which the writer was cognizant, the following is given as having occurred in St. Louis:

A Mormon elder, whom they called Abraham, outraged an Indian woman, on the route to or from California, and fearing that she would report him to the tribe and give him trouble, he shot her. He was tried for the murder in Utah, but Brigham Young interfered, and in the affray had several of the officers of the Court put in irons, and the murderer was let run. This same murderer left Utah in company with the same Mormon elders and apostles who have been, and some of whom are still flourishing in our city, and came here. He had a revelation that a Mrs. S—— and daughters (not fourteen years of age) were to be his wives. In pursuance of the doctrine, he proceeded to the basement on Washington avenue, where Mrs. S—— and daughters resided, at about 11 o'clock in the evening, deliberately locked the door and pocketed the key, and there, in the presence of the young daughters, outraged their mother in the most beastly manner, to which—being a Mormon—she submitted without giving alarm or notifying the authorities of the city.

This case was reported to me by another party, who had by some means got hold of it; and I was informed that the same vulgar wretch was still prowling about, and had sworn that he would yet have the daughters. I went to Mrs. S. and told her what I had heard, and asked her if it was true. She admitted it all, but could not or *would* not give me any information of the whereabouts of Abraham; nor could I ever get any information from any of the Mormons of whom I inquired respecting him. To secure the young girls from further outrages, I had them placed in the house of refuge, where they are still; and within the last twenty-four hours this Mormon mother has cursed me on the streets for thus protecting her children against such beastly transactions. Such is Mormonism, even in St. Louis.

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Miscellaneous Department.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH. THE CLOSE OF DAY.

The night, with its wakeful anxieties, wore away at last; and the morning light dawned hopefully, for it brought with it the promise of an end to Rosamond's suspense.

The first event of the day was the arrival of Mr. Nixon, who had received a note on the previous evening, written by Leonard's desire, to invite him to breakfast. Before the lawyer withdrew, he had settled with Mr. and Mrs. Frankland all the preliminary arrangements that were necessary to effect the restoration of the purchase-money of Porthgenna Tower, and had despatched a messenger with a letter to Bayswater, announcing his intention of calling upon Andrew Treverton that afternoon, on private business of importance relating to the personal estate of his late brother.

Towards noon, Uncle Joseph arrived at the hotel to take Rosamond with him to the house where her mother lay ill.

He came in, talking, in the highest spirits, of the wonderful change for the better that had been wrought in his niece by the affectionate message which he had taken to her on the previous evening. He declared that it had made her look happier, stronger, younger, all in a moment; that it had given her the longest, quietest, sweetest night's sleep she had enjoyed for years and years past; and, last, best triumph of all, that its good influence had been acknowledged, not an hour since, by the doctor himself. Rosamond listened thankfully, but it was with a wandering attention, with a mind ill at ease. When she had taken leave of her husband, and when she and Uncle Joseph were out in the street together, there was something in the prospect of the approaching interview between her mother and herself, which, in spite of her efforts to resist the sensation, almost daunted her. If they could have come together, and have recognised each other without time to think what should be first said or done on either side, the meeting would have been nothing more than the natural result of the discovery of the Secret. But, as it was, the waiting, the doubting, the mournful story of the past, which had filled up the emptiness of the last day of suspense, all had their depressing effect on Rosamond's impulsive disposition. Without a thought in her heart which was not tender, compassionate, and true towards her mother, she now felt, nevertheless, a vague sense of embarrassment, which increased to positive uneasiness the nearer she and the old man drew to their short journey's end. As they stopped at last at the house-door, she was shocked to find herself thinking beforehand, of what first words it would be best to say, of what first things it would be best to do, as if she had been about to visit a total stranger, whose favourable opinion she wished to secure, and whose readiness to receive her cordially was a matter of doubt.

The first person whom they saw after the door was opened, was the doctor. He advanced towards them from a little empty room at the end of the hall, and asked permission to speak with Mrs. Frankland for a few minutes. Leaving Rosamond to her interview with the doctor, Uncle Joseph gaily ascended the stairs to tell his niece of her arrival, with an activity which might well have been envied by many a man of half his years.

"Is she worse? Is there any danger in my seeing her?" asked Rosamond, as the doctor led her into the empty room.

"Quite the contrary," he replied. "She is much better this morning; and the improvement, I find, is mainly due to the composing and cheering influence on her mind of a message which she received from you last night. It is the discovery of this which makes me anxious to speak to you now on the subject of one particular symptom of her mental condition, which surprised and alarmed me when I first discovered it, and which has perplexed me very much ever since. She is suffering—not to detain you, and to put the matter at once in the plainest terms—under a mental hallucination of a very extraordinary kind, which, so far as I have observed it, affects her, generally, towards the close of day, when the light gets obscure. At such times, there is an expression in her eyes, as if she fancied some person had walked suddenly into the room. She looks and talks at perfect vacancy, as you or I might look or talk at some one who was really standing and listening to us. The old man, her uncle, tells me that he first observed this when she came to see him (in Cornwall, I think he said) a short time since. She was speaking to him then on private affairs of her own, when she suddenly stopped, just as the evening was closing in, startled him by a question on the old superstitious subject of the reappearance of the dead, and then, looking away at a shadowed corner of the room, began to talk at it—exactly as I have seen her look and heard her talk up-stairs. Whether she fancies that she is pursued by an apparition, or whether she imagines that some living person enters her room at certain times, is more than I can say, and the old man gives me no help in guessing at the truth. Can you throw any light on the matter?"

"I hear of it now for the first time," answered Rosamond, looking at the doctor in amazement and alarm.

"Perhaps," he rejoined, "she may be more communicative with you than she is with me. If you could manage to be by her bedside at dusk to day or to-morrow, and if you think you are not likely to be frightened by it, I should very much wish you to see and hear her, when she is under the influence of her delusion. I have tried in vain to draw her attention away from it at the time, or to get her to speak of it afterwards. You have evidently considerable influence over her, and you might, therefore, succeed where I have failed. In her state of health I attach great importance to clearing her mind of everything that clouds and oppresses it, and especially of such a serious hallucination as that which I have been describing. If you could succeed in combating it, you would be doing her the greatest service, and would be materially helping my efforts to improve her health. Do you mind trying the experiment?"

Rosamond promised to devote herself unreservedly to this service or to any other which was for the patient's good. The doctor thanked her, and led the way back into the hall again. Uncle Joseph was descending the stairs as they came out of the room. "She is ready and longing to see you," he whispered in Rosamond's ear.

"I am sure I need not impress on you again the very serious necessity of keeping her composed," said the doctor, taking his leave. "It is, I assure you, no exaggeration to say that her life depends on it."

Rosamond bowed to him in silence, and in silence followed the old man up the stairs.

At the door of a back room on the second floor Uncle Joseph stopped.

"She is there," he whispered eagerly. "I leave you to go in by yourself, for it is best that you should be alone with her at first. I shall walk about the streets in the fine warm sunshine, and think of you both, and come back after a little. Go in; and the blessing and the mercy of God go with you!" He lifted her hand to his lips, and softly and quickly descended the stairs again.

Rosamond stood alone before the door. A momentary tremor shook her from head to foot as she stretched out her hand to knock at it. The same sweet voice that she had last heard in her bed-room at West Winston answered her now. As its tones fell on her ear, a thought of her child stole quietly into her heart and stilled its quick throbbing. She opened the door at once and went in.

Neither the look of the room inside, nor the view from the window; neither its characteristic ornaments, nor its prominent pieces of furniture; none of the objects in it or about it, which would have caught her quick observation at other times, struck it now. From the moment when she opened the door, she saw nothing but the pillows of the bed, the head resting on them, and the face turned towards hers. As she stepped across the threshold that face changed; the eyelids drooped a little, and the pale cheeks were tinged suddenly with burning red.

Was her mother ashamed to look at her?

The bare doubt freed Rosamond in an instant from all the self-distrust, all the embarrassment, all the hesitation about choosing her words and directing her actions, which had fettered her generous impulses up to this time. She ran to the bed, raised the worn, shrinking figure in her arms, and laid the poor weary head gently on her warm, young bosom. "I have come at last, mother, to take my turn at nursing you," she said. Her heart swelled as those simple words came from it; her full eyes overflowed; she could say no more.

"Don't cry!" murmured the faint, sweet voice, timidly. "I have no right to bring you here and make you sorry. Don't, don't cry!"

"Oh, hush! hush! I shall do nothing but cry if you talk to me like that!" said Rosamond. "Let us forget that we have ever been parted. Call me by my name. Speak to me as I shall speak to my own child, if God spares me to see him grow up. Say 'Rosamond!' and—oh, pray, pray—tell me to do something for you!" She tore asunder passionately the strings of her bonnet, and threw it from her on the nearest chair. "Look! here is your glass of lemonade on the table. Say 'Rosamond, bring me my lemonade!' say it familiarly, mother! say it as if you knew that I was bound to obey you!"

She repeated the words after her daughter, but still not in steady tones—repeated them with a sad, wondering smile, and with a lingering of the voice on the name of Rosamond, as if it was a luxury to her to utter it.

"You made me so happy with that message, and with the kiss you sent me from your child," she said, when Rosamond had given her the lemonade, and was seated quietly by the bedside again. "It was such a kind way of saying that you pardoned me. It gave me all the courage I wanted to speak to you as I am speaking now. Perhaps my illness has changed me, but I don't feel frightened and strange with you, as I thought I should at our first meeting after you knew the Secret. I think I shall soon get well enough to see your child. Is he like what you were at his age? If he is, he must be very, very——" She stopped. "I may think of that," she added, after waiting a little; "but I had better not talk of it, or I shall cry, too; and I want to have done with sorrow now."

While she spoke those words, while her eyes were fixed with wistful eagerness on her daughter's face, the old instinct of neatness was still mechanically at work in her weak, wasted fingers. Rosamond had tossed her gloves from her on the bed but the minute before; and already her mother had taken them up, and was smoothing them out carefully and folding them neatly together, all the while she spoke.

"Call me 'mother' again," she said, as Rosamond took the gloves from her and thanked her with a kiss for folding them up. "I have never heard you call me 'mother' till now—never, never till now, from the day when you were born!"

Rosamond checked the tears that were rising in her eyes again, and repeated the word.

"It is all the happiness I want, to lie here, and look at you, and hear you say that! Is there any other woman in the world, my love, who has a face so beautiful and so kind as yours?" She paused, and smiled faintly.

"I can't look at those sweet rosy lips now," she said, "without thinking how many kisses they owe me!"

"If you had only let me pay the debt before!" said Rosamond, taking her mother's hand, as she was accustomed to take her child's, and placing it on her neck. "If you had only spoken the first time we met, when you came to nurse me! How sorrowfully I have thought of that since! Oh, mother, did I distress you much, in my ignorance? Did it make you cry when you thought of me after that?"

"Distress me! All my distress, Rosamond, has been of my own making, not of yours. My kind, thoughtful love! you said, 'Don't be hard on her'—do you remember? When I was being sent away, deservedly sent away, dear, for frightening you, you said to your husband, 'Don't be hard on her!' Only five words—but, oh, what a comfort it was to me, afterwards, to think that you had said them! I did want to kiss you so, Rosamond, when I was brushing your hair: I had such a hard fight of it to keep from crying out loud when I heard you, behind the bed-curtains, wishing your little child good-night. My heart was in my mouth, choking me all that time. I took your part afterwards, when I went back to my mistress—I wouldn't hear her say a harsh word of you. I could have looked a hundred mistresses in the face then, and contradicted them all. Oh no, no, no! you never distressed me. My worst grief at going away was years and years before I came to nurse you at West Winston. It was when I left my place at Porthgenna; when I stole into your nursery, on that dreadful morning, and when I saw you with both your little arms round my master's neck. The doll you had taken to bed with you was in one of your hands; and your head was resting on the captain's bosom—just as mine rests now—oh, so happily, Rosamond!—on yours. I heard the last words he was speaking to you! words you were too young to remember. 'Hush! Rosie, dear,' he said, 'don't cry any more for poor mamma. Think of poor papa, and try to comfort him!' There, my love—there was the bitterest distress, and the hardest to bear! I, your own mother, standing like a spy, and hearing him say that to the child I dared not own! 'Think of poor papa!' My own Rosamond! you know, now, what father *I* thought of when he said those words! How could I tell him the Secret? how could I give him the letter, with his wife dead that morning—with nobody but you to comfort him—with the awful truth crushing down upon my heart, at every word he spoke, as heavily as ever the rock crushed down upon the father you never saw!"

"Don't speak of it now!" said Rosamond. "Don't let us refer again to the past: I know all I ought to know, all I wish to know of it. We will talk of the future, mother, and of happier times to come. Let me tell you about my husband. If any words can praise him as he ought to be praised, and thank him as he ought to be thanked, I am sure mine ought—I am sure yours will! Let me tell you what he said and what he did when I read him the letter that I found in the Myrtle Room. Yes, yes, do let me!"

Warned by a remembrance of the doctor's last injunctions; trembling in secret, as she felt under her hand the heavy, toilsome, irregular heaving of her mother's heart, as she saw the rapid changes of colour from pale to red, and from red to pale again that fluttered across her mother's face, she resolved to let no more words pass between them which were of a nature to recall painfully the sorrow and the suffering of the years that were gone. After describing the interview between her husband and herself which had ended in the disclosure of the Secret, she led her mother, with compassionate abruptness, to speak of the future, of the time when she would be able to travel again, of the happiness of returning together to Cornwall, of the little festival they might hold on arriving at Uncle Joseph's house in Truro, and of the time after that when they might go on still further to Porthgenna, or perhaps to some other place where new scenes and new faces might help them to forget all sad associations which it was best to think of no more.

Rosamond was still speaking on these topics; her mother was still listening to her with growing interest in every word that she said, when Uncle Joseph returned. He brought in with him a basket of flowers and a basket of fruit, which he held up in triumph at the foot of his niece's bed.

"I have been walking about, my child, in the fine bright sunshine," he said, "and waiting to give your face plenty of time to look happy, so that I might see it again as I want to see it always, for the rest of my life. Aha, Sarah! it is I who have brought the right doctor to cure you!" he added gaily, looking at Rosamond. "She has made you better already: wait but a little while longer, and she shall get you up from your bed again, with your two cheeks as red, and your heart as light, and your tongue as fast to chatter as mine. See! the fine flowers, and the fruit I have bought that is nice to your eyes, and nice to your nose, and nicest of all to put into your mouth. It is festival-time with us to-day, and we must make the room bright, bright, bright, all over. And then, there is your dinner to come soon; I have seen it on the dish—a cherub among chicken-fowls! And, after that, there is your fine sound sleep, with Mozart to sing the cradle song, and with me to sit for watch, and to go down stairs when you wake up again, and fetch you your cup of tea. Ah, my child, my child, what a fine thing it is to have come at last to this festival-day!"

With a bright look at Rosamond, and with both his hands full of flowers, he turned away from his niece to begin decorating the room. Except when she thanked the old man for the presents he had brought, her attention had never wandered, all the while he had been speaking, from her daughter's face; and her first words, when he was silent again, were addressed to Rosamond alone.

"While I am happy with *my* child," she said, "I am keeping you from *yours*. I, of all persons, ought to be the last to part you from each other too long. Go back now, my love, to your husband and your child; and leave me to my grateful thoughts and my dreams of better times."

"If you please, answer Yes to that, for your mother's sake," said Uncle Joseph, before Rosamond could reply. "The doctor says she must take her repose in the day as well as her repose in the night. And how shall I get her to close her eyes, so long as she has the temptation to keep them open upon *you?*"

Rosamond felt the truth of those last words, and consented to go back for a few hours to the hotel, on the understanding that she was to resume her place at the bedside in the evening. After making this arrangement, she waited long enough in the room to see the meal brought up which Uncle Joseph had announced, and to aid the old man in encouraging her mother to partake of it. When the tray had been removed, and when the pillows of the bed had been comfortably arranged by her own hands, she at last prevailed on herself to take leave.

Her mother's arms lingered round her neck; her mother's cheek nestled fondly against hers. "Go, my dear, go now, or I shall get too selfish to part with you even for a few hours," murmured the sweet voice in its lowest, softest tones. "My own Rosamond! I have no words to bless you that are good enough; no words to thank you that will speak as gratefully for me as they ought! Happiness has been long in reaching me—but, oh how mercifully it has come at last!"

Before she passed the door, Rosamond stopped and looked back into the room. The table, the mantel-piece, the little framed prints on the wall were bright with flowers; the musical-box was just playing the first sweet notes of the air from Mozart; Uncle Joseph was seated already in his accustomed place by the bed, with the basket of fruit on his knees; the pale, worn face on the pillow was tenderly lighted up by a smile: peace and comfort, and repose, all mingled together happily in the picture of the sick room, all joined in leading Rosamond's thoughts to dwell quietly on the hope of a happier time.

Three hours passed. The last glory of the sun was lighting the long Summer day to its rest in the western heaven, when Rosamond returned to her mother's bedside.

She entered the room softly. The one window in it looked towards the west, and on that side of the bed the chair was placed which Uncle Joseph had occupied when she left him, and in which she now found him still seated on her return. He raised his finger to his lips, and looked towards the bed, as she opened the door. Her mother was asleep, with her hand resting in the hand of the old man.

As Rosamond noiselessly advanced, she saw that Uncle Joseph's eyes looked dim and weary. The constraint of the position that he occupied, which made it impossible for him to move without the risk of awakening his niece, seemed to be beginning to fatigue him. Rosamond removed her bonnet and shawl, and made a sign to him to rise and let her take his place.

"Yes, yes!" she whispered, seeing him reply by a shake of the head. "Let me take my turn, while you go out a little and enjoy the cool evening air. There is no fear of waking her; her hand is not clasped in your's, but only resting in it—let me steal mine into its place gently, and we shall not disturb her."

She slipped her hand under her mother's while she spoke. Uncle Joseph smiled as he rose from his chair, and resigned his place to her. "You will have your way," he said; "you are too quick and sharp for an old man like me."

"Has she been long asleep?" asked Rosamond.

"Nearly two hours," answered Uncle Joseph. "But it has not been the good sleep I wanted her to; a dreaming, talking, restless sleep. It is only ten little minutes, since she has been so quiet as you see her now."

"Surely you let in too much light?" whispered Rosamond, looking round at the window, through which the glow of the evening sky poured warmly into the room.

"No, no!" he hastily rejoined. "Asleep or awake, she always wants the light. If I go away for a little while, as you tell me, and if it gets on to be dusk before I come back, light both these candles on the chimney-piece. I shall try to be here again before that; but if the time slips by too fast for me, and if it so happens that she wakes and talks strangely, and looks much away from you into that far corner of the room there, remember that the matches and the candles are together on the chimney-piece, and that the sooner you light them after the dim twilight-time, the better it will be." With those words he stole on tiptoe to the door and went out.

His parting directions recalled Rosamond to a remembrance of what had passed between the doctor and herself that morning. She looked round again anxiously to the window. The sun was just sinking beyond the distant house-tops; the close of day was not far off. As she turned her head once more towards the bed, a momentary chill crept over her. She trembled a little, partly at the sensation itself, partly at the recollection it aroused of that other chill which had struck her in the solitude of the Myrtle Room.

Stirred by the mysterious sympathies of touch, her mother's hand at the same instant moved in hers, and over the sad peacefulness of the weary face there fluttered a momentary trouble—the flying shadow of a dream. The pale, parted lips opened, closed, quivered, opened again; the faint breaths came and went quickly and more quickly; the head moved uneasily on the pillow; the eyelids half unclosed themselves; low, faint, moaning sounds poured rapidly from the lips—changed ere long to half-articulated sentences—then emerged softly into intelligible speech, and uttered these words:

"Swear that you will not destroy this paper! Swear that you will not take this paper away with you if you leave the house!"

The words that followed these were whispered so rapidly and so low that Rosamond's ear failed to catch them. They were followed by a short silence. Then the dreaming voice spoke again suddenly, and spoke louder.

"Where? where? where?" it said. "In the bookcase? In the table-drawer?—Stop! stop! In the picture of the ghost——"

The last words struck cold on Rosamond's heart. She drew back suddenly with a movement of alarm—checked herself the instant after, and bent down over the pillow again. But it was too late. Her hand had moved abruptly when she drew back, and here mother woke with a start and a faint cry—with vacant, terror-stricken eyes, and with the perspiration standing thick on her forehead.

"Mother!" cried Rosamond, raising her on the pillow. "I have come back. Don't you know me?"

"Mother?" she repeated, in mournful, questioning tones. "Mother?" At the second repetition of the word a bright flush of delight and surprise broke out on her face, and she clasped both arms suddenly round her daughter's neck. "Oh, my own Rosamond!" she said. "If I had ever been used to waking up and seeing your dear face look at me, I should have known you sooner, in spite of my dream! Did you wake me, my love? or did I wake myself?"

"I am afraid I woke you, mother."

"Don't say 'afraid.' I would wake from the sweetest sleep that ever woman had, to see your face and to hear you say 'Mother' to me. You have delivered me, my love, from the terror of one of my dreadful dreams. Oh, Rosamond, I think I should live to be happy in your love, if I could only get Porthgenna Tower out of my mind—if I could only never remember again the bed-chamber where my mistress died, and the room where I hid the letter——"

"We will try and forget Porthgenna Tower now," said Rosamond. "Shall we talk about other places where I have lived, which you have never seen? Or shall I read to you, mother? Have you got any book here that you are fond of?"

She looked, across the bed, at the table on the other side. There was nothing on it but some bottles of medicine, a few of Uncle Joseph's flowers in a glass of water, and a little oblong work-box. She looked round at the chest of drawers behind her—there were no books placed on the top of it. Before she turned towards the bed again, her eyes wandered aside to the window. The sun was lost beyond the distant house-tops; the close of day was nearer at hand.

"If I could forget! O, me, if I could only forget!" said her mother, sighing wearily and beating her hand on the coverlid of the bed.

"Are you well enough, dear, to amuse yourself with work?" asked Rosamond, pointing to the little oblong box on the table, and trying to lead the conversation to a harmless, every-day topic, by asking questions about it. "What work do you do? May I look at it?"

Her face lost its weary, suffering look, and brightened once more into a smile. "There is no work there," she said. "All the treasures I had in the world, till you came to see me, are shut up in that one little box. Open it, my love, and look inside."

Rosamond obeyed, placing the box on the bed where her mother could see it easily. The first object that she discovered inside, was a little book, in dark, worn binding. It was an old copy of Wesley's Hymns. Some withered blades of grass lay between its pages, and on one of its blank leaves was this inscription: "Sarah Leeson, her book. The gift of Hugh Polwheal."

"Look at it, my dear," said her mother. "I want you to know it again. When my time comes to leave you, Rosamond, lay it on my bosom with your own dear hands, and put a little morsel of your hair with it, and bury me in the grave in Porthgenna church-yard, where *he* has been waiting for me to come to him so many weary years. The other things in the box, Rosamond, belong to you; they are little stolen keepsakes that used to remind me of my child, when I was alone in the world. Perhaps, years and years hence, when your brown hair begins to grow gray like mine, you may like to show these poor trifles to your children when you talk about me. Don't mind telling them, Rosamond, how your mother sinned and how she suffered—you can always let those little trifles speak for her at the end. The least of them will show that she always loved you."

She took out of the box a morsel of neatly-folded white paper, which had been placed under the book of Wesley's Hymns, opened it, and showed her daughter a few faded laburnum leaves that lay inside. "I took these from your bed, Rosamond, when I came as a stranger, to nurse you at West Winston. When I heard who the lady was who was staying at the inn, the temptation to risk anything for the sake of seeing you, and seeing my grandchild, was too much for me. I tried to take a ribbon out of your trunk, love, after I had taken the flowers—a ribbon that I knew had been round your neck. But the doctor came near at the time and frightened me."

She folded the paper up again, laid it aside on the table, and drew from the box next a small print which had been taken from the illustrations to a pocket-book. It represented a little girl, in a gipsy hat, sitting by the water-side, and weaving a daisy chain. As a design, it was worthless; as a print, it had not even the mechanical merit of being a good impression. Underneath it a line was written in faintly-penciled letters: "Rosamond when I last saw her."

"It was never pretty enough for you," she said. "But still there was something in it that helped me to remember what my own love was like, when she was a little girl."

She put the engraving aside with the laburnum leaves, and took from the box a leaf of a copy-book, folded in two, out of which there dropped a tiny strip of paper, covered with small printed letters. She looked at the strip of paper first. "The advertisement of your marriage, Rosamond," she said. "I used to be fond of reading it over and over again to myself when I was alone, and trying to fancy how you looked and what dress you wore. If I had only known when you were going to be married, I would have ventured into the church, my love, to look at you and your husband. But that was not to be—and perhaps it was best so, for the seeing of you in that stolen way might have made my trials harder to bear afterwards. I have had no other keep-sake to remind me of you, Rosamond, except this leaf out of your first copy-book. The nurse-maid at Porthgenna tore up the rest one day to light the fire, and I took this leaf when she was not looking. See! you had not got as far as words then—you could only do up-strokes and down-strokes. O me! how many times I have sat looking at this one leaf of paper, and trying to fancy that I saw your small child's hand travelling over it, with the pen held light in the rosy little fingers. I think I have cried oftener, my darling, over that first copy of yours than over all my other keepsakes put together."

Rosamond turned aside her face towards the window to hide the tears which she could restrain no longer. As she wiped them away, the first sight of the darkening sky warned her that the twilight dimness was coming soon. How dull and faint the glow in the west looked now! how near it was to the close of day!

When she turned towards the bed again, her mother was still looking at the leaf of the copy-book.

"That nurse-maid who tore up all the rest of it to light the fire," she said, "was a kind friend to me, in those early days at Porthgenna. She used sometimes to let me put you to bed, Rosamond; and never asked me questions, or teased me, as the rest of them did. She risked the loss of her place by being so good to me. My mistress was afraid of my betraying myself and betraying her if I was much in the nursery, and she gave orders that I was not to go there, because it was not my place. None of the other women-servants were so often stopped from playing with you and kissing you, Rosamond, as I was. But the nursemaid—God bless and prosper her for it!—stood my friend. I often lifted you into your little cot, my love, and wished you good-night, when my mistress thought I was at work in her room. You used to say you liked your nurse better than you liked me, but you never told me so fretfully; and you always put your laughing lips up to mine whenever I asked you for a kiss!"

Rosamond laid her head gently on the pillow by the side of her mother's. "Try to think less of the past, dear, and more of the future," she whispered pleadingly; "try to think of the time when my child will help you to recall those old days without their sorrow—the time when you will teach him to put his lips up to yours, as I used to put mine."

"I will try, Rosamond—but my only thoughts of the future, for years and years past, have been thoughts of meeting you in heaven. If my sins are forgiven, how shall we meet there? Shall you be like my little child to me—the child I never saw again after she was five years old? I wonder if the mercy of God will recompense me for our long separation on earth? I wonder if you will first appear to me in the happy world, with your child's face, and be what you should have been to me on earth, my little angel that I can carry in my arms? If we pray in heaven, shall I teach you your prayers there, as some comfort to me for never having taught them to you here?"

She paused, smiled sadly, and, closing her eyes, gave herself in silence to the dream-thoughts that were still floating in her mind. Thinking that she might sink to rest again if she was left undisturbed, Rosamond neither moved nor spoke. After watching the peaceful face for some time, she became conscious that the light was fading on it slowly. As that conviction impressed itself on her, she looked round at the window once more. The western clouds wore their quiet twilight-colours already: the close of day had come.

The moment she moved in the chair, she felt her mother's hand on her shoulder. When she turned again toward the bed, she saw her mother's eyes open and looking at her—looking at her, as she thought, with a change in their expression, a change to vacancy.

"Why do I talk of heaven?" she said, turning her face suddenly towards the darkening sky, and speaking in low, muttering tones. "How do I know I am fit to go there? And yet, Rosamond, I am not guilty of breaking my oath to my mistress. You can say for me that I never destroyed the letter, and that I never took it away with me when I left the house."

"It will be dark soon, mother. Let me get up for one moment to light the candles."

Her hand crept softly upward, and clung fast round Rosamond's neck,

"I never swore to give him the letter;" she said. "There was no crime in the hiding of it. You found it in a picture, Rosamond? They used to call it a picture of the Porthgenna ghost. Nobody knew how old it was or when it came into the house. My mistress hated it, because the painted face had a strange likeness to hers. She told me when first I lived at Porthgenna, to take it down from the wall and destroy it. I was afraid to do that; so I hid it away, before ever you were born, in the Myrtle Room. You found the letter at the back of the picture, Rosamond? And yet that was a likely place to hide it in. Nobody had ever found the picture. Why should anybody find the letter that was hid in it?"

"Let me get a light, mother! I am sure you would like to have a light!"

"No! no light now. Give the darkness time to gather down there in the corner of the room. Lift me up close to you, and let me whisper."

The clinging arm tightened its grasp as Rosamond raised her in the bed. The fading light from the window fell full on her face, and was reflected dimly in her vacant eyes. "I am waiting for something, that comes at dusk, before the candles are lit," she whispered in low breathless tones. "Down there!" And she pointed away to the farthest corner of the room near the door.

"Mother! for God's sake, what is it! what has changed you so?"

"That's right! say 'Mother.' If she does come, she can't stop when she hears you call me 'Mother,' when she sees us together at last, loving and knowing each other in spite of her. Oh, my kind, tender, pitying child! if you can only deliver me from her, how I may live yet!—how happy we may both be!"

"Don't talk so! don't look so! Tell me quietly—dear, mother—tell me quietly——"

"Hush! hush! I am going to tell you. She threatened me on her death-bed, if I thwarted her: she said she would come to me from the other world. Rosamond! I *have* thwarted her, and she has kept her promise—all my life since, she has kept her promise! Look! Down there!"

Her left arm was still clasped round Rosamond's neck. She stretched her right arm out towards the far corner of the room, and shook her hand slowly at the empty air.

"Look!" she said. "There she is as she always comes to me at the close of day—with the coarse, black dress on, that my guilty hands made for her—with the smile that there was on her face when she asked me if she looked like a servant. Mistress! mistress! Oh, rest at last! the Secret is ours no longer! Rest at last! my child is my own again! Rest at last; and come between us no more!"

She ceased, panting for breath; and laid her hot, throbbing cheek against the cheek of her daughter. "Call me 'Mother' again!" she whispered. "Say it loud; and send her away from me for ever!"

Rosamond mastered the terror that shook in every limb, and pronounced the word.

Her mother leaned forward a little, still gasping heavily for breath, and looked with straining eyes into the quiet twilight dimness at the lower end of the room.

"*Gone!!!*" she cried suddenly, with a scream of exultation. "Oh, merciful, merciful God! gone at last!"

The next instant she sprang up on her knees in the bed. For one awful moment her eyes shone in the gray twilight with a radiant unearthly beauty, as they fastened their last look of fondness on her daughter's face. "Oh, my love! my angel!" she murmured, "how happy we shall be together now!" As she said the words, she twined her arms round Rosamond's neck, and pressed her lips rapturously on the lips of her child.

The kiss lingered till her head sank forward gently on Rosamond's bosom—lingered, till the time of God's mercy came, and the weary heart rested at last.

THE JERKS.

In 1804 I first witnessed that strange exercise, the jerks, although I had heard much about it before. It took subjects from all denominations and all classes of society, even the wicked; but it prevailed chiefly among Presbyterians. I will give some instances:

A Mr. Doke, a Presbyterian clergyman, of high standing, having charge of a congregation in Jonesboro', was the first man of eminence in this region that came under its influence. Often it would seize him in the pulpit with so much severity that a spectator might fear it would dislocate his neck and joints. He would laugh, stand and halloo at the top of his voice, finally leap from the pulpit, and run to the woods, screaming like a madman. When the exercise was over, he would return to the church, calm and rational as ever. Sometimes at hotels this affection would visit persons, causing them, for example, in the very act of raising the glass to their lips, to jerk and throw the liquor to the ceiling, much to the merriment of some and the alarm of others. I have often seen ladies take it at the breakfast table: as they were pouring tea or coffee they would throw the contents toward the ceiling and sometimes break the cup and saucer. Then hastening from the table, their long suits of braided hair hanging down their backs would crack like a whip. For a time the jerks was the topic of conversation—public and private—both in the church and out. Various opinions were expressed concerning it, some ascribing it to the devil, others to an opposite source; some striving against it, others courting it as the power of God unto salvation. In many cases its consequences were disastrous, in some fatal.

A preacher, who, in early life, was a dancing-master, joined the conference, and, when the jerks were at their height, was stationed on this circuit. He declared it was of the devil, and that he would preach it out of the Methodist Church. He commenced the work with great zeal and high expectations; but before he had got once round he took the jerks himself, or rather they took him. When the fit began, he would say, "Ah, yes! O, no!" At every jerk he used his hands and arms, as if he was playing the violin. One morning, being seized as he was going to his appointment, he let go the bridle and the horse ran off till he was stopped by a gate. The rider, having dismounted in order to steady himself, laid hold of the palings of the fence, which, unfortunately, gave way; the lady of the house, coming to the door to see what was the matter, heightened his mortification. Attempting to hide himself by running into the orchard, his strange movement, as he ran fiddling along, and the tail of his long gown flying in the wind, attracted the attention of the hounds, the whole pack of which pursued him with hideous yells. Being afraid of dogs, he turned and went into the house by the back door, and, running up stairs, jumped into a bed, where he lay till the fit was over. His proud heart would not submit, and the disease—as he termed it—growing worse and worse, he gave up the circuit, and withdrew into retirement, where his sun went down under a cloud. Poor man; I loved him.

Usually the subjects of this strange affection were happy when they had it, and happy when it passed off, and it did them no harm. The wise ones of the day, such as William M'Kendree and Thomas Wilkerson, said little about it, but preached, exhorted and prayed as if it was not in the country.

At the close of the year I attended a camp meeting at Carter's station, where about ten thousand people assembled. Here a controversy had been going on between Presbyterians and Methodists, the former saying, among other bitter things, that the latter were hypocrites, and could refrain from shouting, if they would. They were the aristocracy, we the poor. On Monday morning I preached, preceded by the venerable Vanpelt, who left the congregation calmly and silently weeping. I arose—like most men who know nothing—fearing nothing, and undertook to account for the jerks. The preachers looked frightened, and the audience astonished. I viewed it as a judgment of God. Taking a compendious view of the nations, I showed that God was just, as well as merciful, and his judgments, though long delayed, sure to come. I adverted to the wickedness of the people, enlarging on their *intolerance* and *bigotry*, charging that middle Tennessee had gone as far as any part of the United States in those particulars. I glanced at the rise of Methodism and the persecutions it had endured, and quoted the taunting language of its enemies, "Ye are hypocrites, and can cease shouting if you will." After a pause, I exclaimed at the top of my voice, "Do you leave off jerking if you can." It was estimated that instantly more than five hundred persons commenced jumping, shouting, and jerking. There was no more preaching that day.—*From the Autobiography of Rev. Jacob Young.*

LOVE FELL OUT: THE LAMB FELL IN.

BY W. E. PABOR.

I TOLD my love, one summer day,
How beautiful the sunshine lay
Upon the bosom of the sea;
And added: "Thus my love for thee
Spreads over every thought of mine,
And makes its memory divine."

I told of Petrarch—known to fame—
Linked with the peerless Laura's name;
How Tasso, though in prison hall,
Could still on Eleanora call;
And added: "Let me, like them, be
Thus known to fame, by loving thee."

Then, as we watched the sheep at play
In fields sweet-scented by the hay,
I waited for some answering word—
Nor waited long. A noise was heard!
And then she said: "O, Willie, look—
The speckled lamb's fell in the brook."

Oh! Love fell out when Lamb fell in;
I left the charming fields of Lynn;
The maiden with the flaxen locks
I left beside the rill and rocks,
And vowed, when next my love was told,
All sorts of sheep should be in fold.

INFLUENCE OF PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

Of the powerful influence of periodical literature in forwarding the progress of general intellect, and the necessity of its agency to the end proposed, there are few, perhaps, who even yet have formed a proper estimate; and some there are who are disposed to regard it with a jealous eye, not for the information it generalizes and diffuses (though there want not objectors even on such narrow and invidious grounds), but as hostile to the more exalted interests of science and literature; as encouraging a taste for superficial information, and abstracting it from more elaborate and profound research. But are the works of profound science and elaborate research now produced fewer in number, and in less eager request, than when the sixpenny trash that bore the name of magazines was confined to less than a fiftieth part of the present respectable circulation? Have they not increased, on the contrary, a hundred-fold? and is not the demand for them still increasing in geometrical proportion, together with the increase of those more accessible and popular periodicals? to and from which, in fact, they alternately give and receive new excitements, and new occasions—at once deriving and imparting new materials for research and illustration, and an extended sphere of encouragement and remuneration. Many must be superficial, as it is called, before the few can be availably profound; as well as some must be profound before the materials can be furnished for superficial gratification: the diffused effect can only be increased in proportion to the concentric cause. In other words, the many must have *some* knowledge before they can either be benefited by or appreciate the wisdom of those who have much; and the few must have accumulated, digested, and arranged, before the many can be benefited by diffusion.

Great minds, whose intensity has been fed and fostered by elaborate abstraction, from the profundity of their researches and the vastness of their comprehension, infuse a new and imperishable spirit into the immensity of space, which expands through distant ages: they create, as it were, a new intellectual atmosphere, which ultimately is breathed, in some degree, by all. There is, at this time, perhaps, scarcely any artisan in our workshops, and, in one part at least of the United Kingdom (to say nothing of foreign regions), scarcely a peasant at his plough, who has not some available ideas ministering to his comfort or his gratification (although the very name of Lord Bacon may not be known to him) which he never would have had if Bacon had never lived and written. Yet, it was only as it became progressively *superficialized*, as it were—that is to say, as it became popularized, by diffusion through less abstract and less voluminous publications—through fugitive essays, and still more fugitive conversations, that the results of his wisdom and discoveries became extensively operative.

That great man indeed—that almost more than man—that new creator of the mind of his long-mystified and benighted species! seems himself to have manifested some conviction of the principles of these observations, when he composed, in so popular a form, that beautiful little volume of *Essays*, which has tempted more readers to the study of his profound and elaborate works, than all the lavish commendations of the learned and initiated few could ever have induced to such research. They were his *superficials*, as some might call them, that led to an extended familiarity with his *profundities*; as those who slake their thirst on the margin may be tempted to plunge into the stream. Those essays have precisely the character that would have fitted them for a periodical miscellany; and had such a publication existed in his days, with a reading public prepared for the reception of such a boon, there can be little doubt that, through such a channel, he would have chosen to communicate them, as the readiest means of giving extended circulation to the wisdom which they contain.—*Thelwall's Miscellany.*

A PEEP INTO A SALAD BOWL.

"My dear learned friend," said the Doctor, "a Bowl of Lettuce is the Venus of the dinner-table! It rises upon the sight cool, moist, and beautiful, like that very imprudent lady coming out of the water, sir! And to complete the image, sir, neither should be dressed too much!"

When Dr. Bushwhacker had issued this observation, he drew himself up in a very portly manner, as if he felt called upon to defend himself as well as his image. Then, after a short pause, he broke—silence.

"*Lactuca*, or lettuce, is one of the most common vegetables in the world; it has been known, sir, from time immemorial; it was as common, sir, on the tables of the ancients as it is now, and was eaten in the same way, sir, dressed with oil and vinegar.

"Now, sir, there was one thing the ancients did with lettuce which we do not do. They boiled it, sir, and served it up like asparagus; so, too, did they with cucumbers—a couple of indigestible dishes they were, no doubt. Lettuce, my dear friend, should have a quick growth, in the first place, to be good: it should have a rich mould, sir, that it may spring up quickly, so as to be tender and crisp. Then, sir, it should be *new-plucked*, carried from the garden a few minutes before it is placed upon the table. I would suggest a parasol, sir, to keep the leaves cool until it reaches the shadow of within-doors. Then, sir, it must be washed—mind you, ice-water! Then place it upon the table—what Corinthian ornament more perfect and symmetrical! Now, sir, comes the important part, *the dressing*. 'To dress a salad,' says the learned Petrus Petronius, 'you must have a prodigal to furnish the oil, a counsellor to dispense the salt, a miser to dole out the vinegar, and a madman to stir it.' Commit that to memory, my learned friend."

"It is down, Doctor." (*Tablets.*)

"Let me show you," continued Dr. Bushwhacker, "how to dress a salad. Take a small spoonful of salt, thus: thrice the quantity of mustard—'Durham'—thus: incorporate: pour a slender stream of oil from the cruet, so; gently mix and increase the action by degrees" (head of hair in commotion, and face brilliant in colour); "dear me! it is very warm—now, sir, oil in abundance, so; a dash of vinegar, very light, like the last touches of the artist; and, sir, we have the dressing. Now, take up the lettuce by the stalk! Break off the leaves—leaf by leaf—shake off the water, replace in the salad bowl, pepper it slightly, pour on the dressing, and there you have it, sir."

"Doctor, is that orthodox?"

"Sir," replied Dr. Bushwhacker, holding the boxwood spoon in one hand and the boxwood fork in the other, "the eyes of thirty centuries are looking down upon me. I know that Frenchmen will sprinkle the lettuce with oil until it is thoroughly saturated; then, sir, a little pepper; then, sir, salt or not, as it happens; then, sir, *vinaigre* by the drop—all very well. Our people, sir, in the State of New Jersey, will dress it with salt, vinegar and pepper—perfectly barbarous, my learned friend; then comes the elaborate Englishman; and our Pennsylvania friend, the Rev. Sydney Smith, sir, gives us a recipe in verse, that shows how they do it there, and, at the same time, exhibits the deplorable ignorance of that very peculiar people. I quote from memory, sir:

"'Two large potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,
Smoothness and softness to the salad give;
Of mordent mustard add a single spoon,
Distrust the condiment that bites too soon,
But deem it not, Lady of herbs, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt.
Four times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
And twice with vinegar procured from town;
True flavour needs it, and your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs.
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole.
Then lastly in the flavoured compound toss
One magic spoonful of anchovy sauce.
O great and glorious! O herbaceous treat!
'T would tempt the dying anchorite to eat;
Back to the world he'd turn his weary soul,
And plunge his fingers in the Salad Bowl!'

"Now, sir, I have *tried* that, and a compound more execrable is not to be thought of. No, sir! Take some of my salad, and see if you do not dream afterwards of the Greek mythology."—*Cozzen's "Wine Press."*

Reform in Spelling.—Two prizes of £100 and £40 respectively are offered for the two best and approved essays on a reform in the spelling of the English language, by the introduction of a phonetic, instead of the present unphonetic system. The essays should include an historical account of the origin and growth of the present imperfect system of spelling; an analysis of the system of articulate sounds, and an exposition of those occurring in our language, with a notice of the various modes in which it has been attempted to express those sounds graphically, and a suggestion for doing so, in which care should be taken that no letter should express more than one sound, and that no sound should be expressed by more than one letter, and that as few new types as possible should be admitted.—*Notes and Queries.*

NEW ENGLAND

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
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Branch Office in Metropolitan Bank Building, 110 Broadway New York City.
CAPITAL and accumulation of PREMIUMS to meet losses,
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References in New York: Rev. S. H. Tyng, D.D.; A. Oakey Hall, District-Attorney of New York City; R. Warren Weston (Goodhue & Co.); Wm. W. Stone (Lawrence, Stone & Co.); William G. Lambert (A. and A. Lawrence & Co.); B. J. Howland; Rev. G. L. Prentiss; Henry L. Pierson; D. Randolph Martin, President Ocean Bank; Wm. L. King (Naylor & Co.); Rev. S. S. Cutting; Ellery & Gibbons; Freeman Hunt (Hunt's Magazine); Samuel B. Ruggles; and Rev. R. S. Storrs, D.D., of Brooklyn.
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Agent and Attorney for the Company,
1y 110 Broadway, New York.

Philadelphia Advertisements.

NEW BOARDING HOUSE—Respectable persons can be accommodated with genteel transient or permanent boarding by applying to the subscriber, No. 374 South street, below Ninth, Philadelphia.
WM. STILL.

THEODORE PARKER'S WORKS.—Just received and for sale at Anti-Slavery Office, Philadelphia—
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Also, Portraits, large and elegant, of Parker, Phillips, Sumner and William Lloyd Garrison.

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Real Estate bought and sold. Money procured or invested on Mortgage. First-class Ground Rents bought and sold on commission. Houses rented, Rents collected, &c. &c.
N. B. Marriage Certificates, Friends' ceremony drawn, neatly and correctly.

CARRIAGE REPOSITORY.—The subscriber informs the public that he has opened his new Carriage Repository, No. 156 Race street, below Fifth, where he intends to keep an assortment of new and second-hand Carriages for sale or exchange, or to hire. Carriages made to order on moderate terms. Carriages sold on commission. Carriages neatly repaired. GEO. DODD, Philadelphia.

CHARLES C. JACKSON, Tailor, 201 Arch street, below Sixth street, Philadelphia, would respectfully invite the attention of his friends and the public to his establishment, where a constant assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., of the best quality, will be kept ready to make up to order in the best manner and on the most accommodating terms.

PRIZE MEDAL awarded in London, in 1851, for his superiority over all others in the manufacture of Travelling Trunks, Carpet Bags, Valices, Gum Shoes, Coaches Hobby-Horses, and sole leather, steel spring, iron frame, iron-bound Trunks of all descriptions, of the best materials and workmanship. Black Leather Enamelled Bags, at the lowest prices.
THOS. W. MATTSON, Trunk Manufacturer,
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PHRENOLOGICAL CABINET.—Fowlers, Wells & Co., Phrenologists and Publishers, 231 Arch street, below Seventh, Philadelphia, furnish all works on Phrenology, Physiology, Water Cure, Magnetism and Phonography, wholesale and retail, at New York prices.
Professional examinations, with charts, and full written descriptions of character, day and evening. Cabinet free.

KENDERDINE & JUSTICE, Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, S. W. corner Spring Garden and Seventh streets, Phila. Constantly on hand a general assortment of Hardware, Cutlery &c., at the lowest cash prices, wholesale or retail. Particular attention paid to furnishing Hardware for buildings.
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PHRENOLOGY. — Removal. — William B. Elliott's Institute and Museum is now at the spacious (Simes) building 359 Chestnut street, above 12th, Philadelphia. He has, in addition to Phrenological Books and Busts, Stationery for sale. Open day and evening to visitors—free—and for useful written descriptions of the mind and talents. From the handwriting (natural) the same will be analyzed. Price $3.

CONFECTIONERY—REMOVAL.—Leatitia Bullock, respectfully informs her friends and the public that she has removed to No. 152 North Sixth street, below Race, opposite the old stand, where she is prepared to furnish Ice Creams, Water Ices, Jellies, Cakes, Candies, &c., of every description and of the best materials, all the produce of Free Labour, and warranted to give entire satisfaction. Parties and families furnished at shortest notice. Orders sent to any part of the city.

A LARGE assortment of SALAMANDER SAFES, of various sizes, always on hand, at No. 26 South Fourth street, Philadelphia. Warranted equal to any made in the United States. EVANS & WATSON, thankful for past favours, respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Patent slate-lined Refrigerators, Water Filters, &c. A large assortment always on hand.
N. B. Sole Agency for Butterworth's celebrated Bank Vault and Door Locks. These locks bid defiance to all lock picks, Hobbs included.

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For sale at two cents per lb., by CLINTON GILLINGHAM, at the Cohocksink Works, Linden st., below Front st., or at No. 535 North Front st. Orders left at the Anti-Slavery Office, Philadelphia, will be promptly attended to. 3m.

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Also a good assortment of Ladies' and Children's Hosiery; Mohair Mitts; Lisle Thread and Silk Gloves; Combs; Brushes; Fancy Soaps; Perfumery; Fans; Shetland Wool; Zephyr and Tapestry Worsted; Patterns for worsted work, &c. &c.
Prices moderate and goods all of the best quality.

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Orders respectfully solicited. ROBERT L. CORSON,
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Remember the CRESCENT, in Market, above 6th, No. 200, Phila.
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